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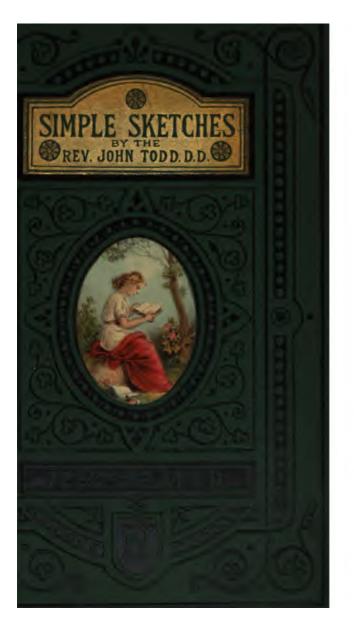
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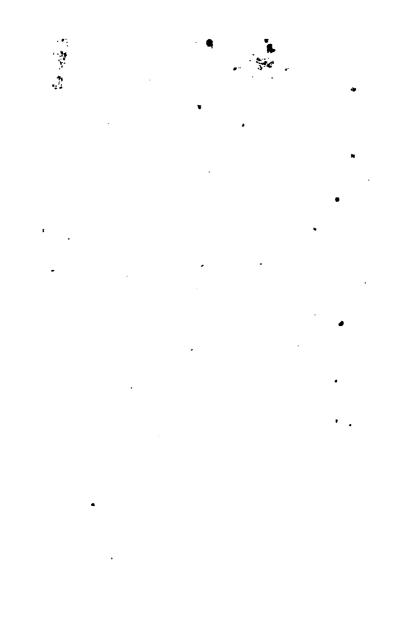




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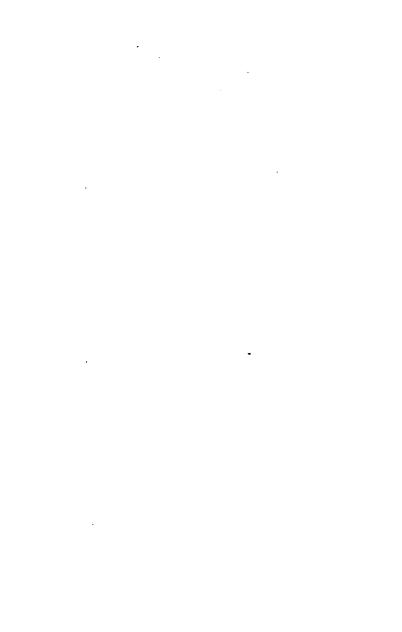


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# SIMPLE SKETCHES.

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## SIMPLE SKETCHES.

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# SIMPLE SKETCHES.

BY THE

REV. JOHN TODD,

AUTHOR OF "THE STUDENTS' GUIDE," ETC., ETC.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW; EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1877.

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## Preface.

HE most beautiful flowers which now adorn the admired parterre were once scattered here and there by the hand of their Creator. In their scattered state they were beautiful; but when collected in the garden, by order and contrast, their beauty seems to be heightened.

These SIMPLE SKETCHES are selected from the numerous pieces which have at different times dropped from the pen of the author; and were first published here and there, as circumstances occurred to bring them out. As to their intrinsic merit, the reader will judge for himself. I may safely say that they are, without excep-

tion, facts; and this is of itself a recommendation.

I ought to add, that although I had permission from the author to "do what I pleased with what, when once published, is no longer his," yet I am solely accountable for the selection of this little Volume. The author does not even know what are its contents. That the young will be pleased with it I fully believe, and as fully be lieve that few will regret its publication.

THE EDITOR.



# Contents.

BELIGION IN THE COTTAGE,		•••	•••	 9
TWO SCENES IN VIRGINIA,		•		 19
THE SQUIRREL,		•••		 31
MODERN INNOVATIONS,	•••	•••	• • •	 34
THE TWINS,		•••	•••	 40
the mother's tears,	•••			 48
THE JEW,	•••	•••		 50
THE SABBATH SCHOOL,	•••			 55
THE CHBISTIAN SLAVE,	•••	•••		 60
THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL,	•••			 67
THE MISSIONARY,		•••	•••	 69
HISTORY OF AN ALMANAC,		•••		 84
THE WIDOW'S SON,		•••		 93
THE FEMALE SUFFERER,	•••	•••		 100
THE PRAYING WIDOW'S SON,		•••		 103
THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER,			•••	 110
MO MITT CATTOR				100

	•	•	۰
77	1	1	1
•			

#### CONTENTS.

THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE,	•••		•••	•••	•••	124
THE ORPHAN,				•••		137
AT THE DEATH OF AN AGE	D CLERG	YMAN,		•••		144
LITTLE LEWIS,				•••	•••	146
THE SUMMER EVENING DR	EAM,			•••		153
TO AN INFANT,				•••		161
THE PARTOR'S PHARRAL						163





## SIMPLE SKETCHES.

## Religion in the Cottage.

"The cottage homes lit up by faith,
Where peace and contentment are,
Where such simple hope as the Christian hath
To set him along on life's devious path
To the heavenly goal afar;
"Tis there that religion finds its true,
And pure, and holy place,
Where humility guides, and hope anew
Illumes for their dwellers the distant view,
And cheers on the Christian race."—ABBOT.

T is one bright characteristic of the Christian religion, that its reception makes men better than it found them, whatever may have been their previous condition. While it dissipates the dark clouds of error so often thrown around human philosophy, and exalts the highest views of natural reason, it also stoops to enlighten and cheer the tenant of the lowliest cot. It is too late to say that it is

the only religion which is adapted to people of all situations, even the most humble; and that it is the star of Bethlehem alone that so often soothes and directs those whose condition would otherwise be truly comfortless. There is much instruction to be acquired by seeing the effects of pure religion in the lower walks of life; for it is there that you find her in her loveliest garb, without any of the fanciful trappings of the fashionable world. The truth of the last remark may perhaps be more clearly illustrated by the following incident, which, though it may contain nothing marvellous, is nevertheless a simple fact.

Several years since, while riding in the interior of Connecticut, I was one day unexpectedly caught in a tremendous thunder-storm, far, as I feared, from any shelter. The rain was falling in torrents, and those "groaning travellers of the sky-the lightning that glares, and the thunder that rends," shook the very ground, and died away in echoes through the surrounding woods that often startled In this dreary condition I unexpectedly arrived at a small thatched hovel, that seemed to promise but a poor retreat from the pitiless storm now raging in its violence. Curiosity as well as the rain urged me to ask its hospitality. Little ceremony seemed either to be expected or wished at such a time: and in a few moments I was snugly seated beside a good fire, kindled with

small sticks, which lay in bundles around the hearth. The only inhabitants of this little mansion seemed to be a neat modest young woman and her son, a little white-headed boy, who kept near her, as if afraid of strangers. The cottage contained but one room, which was furnished with a bed, a table, a few crazy chairs, and a small book-shelf, containing a very few books, among which I noticed a small Bible. The rain was pouring into this dwelling from almost every quarter, as it was too ill-covered to keep out the storm. The only light we had came in through the crevices of the roof and sides, for there was no window in the building. I looked around with surprise to see a woman so cheerful and composed, while deprived of so many of the necessaries of life. I inquired if she was contented to live in such a situation, and if she was not dejected with her condition, turning my eyes at the same time to a stream of water pouring in from the roof. might be discontented, sir," she replied, as she placed a large pan to catch the water,—"I might be discontented with this life, were I not fully convinced that my lot is far happier than I deserve, and will one day be exchanged for a better-I mean in heaven!" There was a resignation in her countenance that surprised me. She wiped her eye with a corner of her clean apron, and at my request gave me a brief history of her life.

She had married while young, with bright pros pects of happiness. But she was disappointed in the companion of her life. Her husband sooi threw off his assumed mask, and showed himsel almost destitute of humanity. He drank t excess, and lost his little property at the gaming table, among companions as worthless as himself Often would he return home late at night, drunker and cross, to abuse his poor wife, whose only comfort, while waiting for his return, was to weel over her little boy as he lay slumbering, uncon scious of her grief. Afflictions always make u either better or worse. Upon her they had happy effect; they drove her to the Bible, and taught her that, amid all her trials, there was a Fountain of hope which would never fail-Friend to the wretched who never forsakes. She thus learned how truly this life is a pilgrimage how few are our earthly joys; and she placed he heart, her hopes, and her anticipations in heaven and was comforted. With cheerfulness and seren ity she now endured all the hard treatment of he husband, and no longer repined at her lot. Sh even informed me, that when alone with her little boy, while the raging winds threatened to crusl her humble cottage, she had enjoyed seasons o communion with the Father of spirits which mor than compensated for all her loss. asked if she could earnestly pray for the salvation

of her husband, she replied,—"While there is life, I can pray and hope; and often with tears and an anguished heart do I kneel for my poor husband, while he is ruining himself at places which a wife cannot mention."

After a long conversation with this interesting woman, as the rain subsided, I left her, exhorting her to patience and faithfulness; not knowing that I should ever again be permitted to see her on the shores of mortality, and wondering not a little at the various though necessary means which God employs to train his children up for immortality.

During the several years succeeding this visit at the cottage, amidst my numerous avocations I had almost forgotten the contented though leaky little hovel which protected me from the storm; and perhaps I should never again have recalled all the circumstances of the visit had I never again passed the same road. But in the middle of the last summer, business called me to travel near the same spot.

It was on a still moonlight evening in July that I ascended the small hillock that again presented the little cottage to view. It stands at the foot of a wild but charming mountain. I stopped my horse, and in a very few moments memory had placed before me every detail of my first visit. There were many interesting associa-

tions which my situation naturally suggested; and the scenery too was more than delightful. On the right, the rugged mountain reared its everlasting butments of stone, and defied all the blasts and gnawings of time. On the left, just through a narrow copse of woods, the spreading lawn sloped as far as the bright moon would enable the eye to range; while the wild bounding stream, as it dashed along the side of the mountain, seemed to break the stillness that would otherwise have been complete. Indeed, so calm and silent was all around, and so quietly slept every leaf of the forest, that one was almost startled at the trampling of his own horse. It was now after ten o'clock as I drew near the cottage. approached it, I observed that it was in the same wretched condition as formerly; and I thence naturally concluded that the husband was the same wicked man. The rough board fence before it was much decayed, and everything exhibited the appearance of neglect. A light glimmering through the crevices of the boards gave evidence that the occupants had not retired to rest, and I determined to call. On drawing still nearer, I was not a little surprised to hear a noise within: and at first I feared it was the unfeeling husband. who, just returned from the neighbouring village, was closing another day of sin by abusing his wife. Nor could I for some time believe I heard aright,

when, on stopping my horse, I heard a voice within praying very distinctly and fervently. While waiting, lest my entrance should disturb the worshippers, a large dog came round the house from a shed on the back side, and seated himself on the door stone, without making any noise, as if to protect his master while engaged in devotion; but as soon as the voice of prayer was hushed, he immediately returned to his lodgings. At any other time, and in other circumstances, I might have noticed this: but now it led me to think of that care which God takes of all that put their trust in him. I knocked gently at the door, which was opened by the same hand that gave me admittance on a former occasion. The modest woman had forgotten my countenance, and seemed somewhat surprised at seeing a stranger at that time of night. I even thought she looked at me rather suspiciously as I took a seat, as if to remain some time. The subject of religion was soon introduced, and she conversed with more animation and apparent delight than when I before saw On being asked if she was still contented with her condition, she recognized the stranger who had formerly sheltered himself here from the peltings of the storm, and she received me with a joy wholly unexpected. On turning round I saw that the room was now parted into two, one of which was a bed-room. From this room I saw the

husband coming, with his coat in his hand. I aros to meet him. "Ah!" said he, "you are the ma who once called and comforted my poor wife Well, I am that same wicked husband, who s often abused her goodness, and I am glad to se you. I have hoped I should one day see you, tha I might tell you that so wicked a wretch ha learned to pray. Oh, I have been a great sinner but my wife has forgiven me, and I pray tha God would also!" He wiped his eyes on hi white shirt sleeve, and I saw also the tears glister ing in the eyes of his wife, unless those in m own deceived me. He spoke with a feeling that could not but awaken feeling in others. In conversation of about an hour, I learned tha within the space of a fortnight previous he ha become the subject of a powerful revival of religio in the village near by. He had exerted himse to oppose its progress, and though his hard hear was a stiff barrier against it, yet even that wa subdued by omnipotent power. He was now t all appearance a new creature; and I beheld th man who had so often abused his wife, and the wif who had so often prayed for the husband, an saw them both so happy, that I could not but fee deeply grateful for a religion which produces suc a change. We united our hearts together befor the throne of mercy, and parted with mutus regret. As I was coming out of the door he too

me by the hand:—"Sir, you live in W——; do you know Mr. H——?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. H---?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell Mrs. H—— that the wicked James ——, who used so often to make her so much trouble, and who finally left her because she reproved him for breaking the Sabbath,—oh, tell her that this wicked James —— now prays! Ask her to forgive me, for I was very bad; and I pray God to forgive me. Oh, conscience has often reproved me for leaving that good woman's service, just because she told me how wicked I was in breaking the Sabbath! But, by God's help, I am now to live differently."

I left the now happy cottage with feelings wholly indescribable; and during a ride of six miles, had a good opportunity for meditating on the inscrutable ways of God. I have not since been that way; but I hear from authentic sources, that the change on the heart of the cottager is real; that he is now very industrious, and at the beginning of cold weather he had repaired his little house to make them comfortable during the winter. Indeed, there is as great a change in his outward appearance as in his heart; he sends his two little boys to the nearest school, neatly dressed, and they promise yet to make useful and respect-

able members of society. His wife feels that h prayers are answered beyond her most sanguin hope, and is happy. Such are now the promisin appearances; and it cannot be doubted but the in the last day still greater effects will be seen have resulted from the power of religion in the cottage.





## Two Scenes in Birginia.

"Nature outvies the petty works of man:
The Pyramids themselves, compared to Alps
And Andes, are but mole-hills, and these rocks
And craggy steeps shame in their rugged power
Man's laboured piles of castle, tower, and fane,
Of bridge of mighty span, or pendulous chains,
That braves the abyss, and weds dissevered climes."

N a lovely morning, toward the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendour and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty

Alleghany mountains into streaks of purest gold, and Nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and my companion to the great NATURAL BRIDGE.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward

to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second curiosity in our country, Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great waggon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly eighty feet, its width about thirty-five, its thickness forty-

five, and its perpendicular height above the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface. all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of the bridge as he can of his feelings He softly creeps out on a shaggy at the time. projecting rock, and, looking down a chasm from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. This stream is called Cedar Creek. He sees, under the arch, trees whose height is seventy feet; and yet, as he looks down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and of depths, but they here see what is high, and they tremble and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below. and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars,

and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below is as pleasing as the top view is awful—the arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact that, as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and, in the soft limestone, began

to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and industry he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph; but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do anything for his relief. They looked on him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plies the rock with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labour. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical

moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends, and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. now made his last effort, and succeeded. cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted on reaching the top, and it was some time before he could be recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We lingered around this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings I should not have supposed it over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names, as visitors of the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled in this manner already. Having immortalized our names

by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature; and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, or throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

About three days' ride from the Natural Bridge brought us to a little place called Port Republic, about twenty miles from the town of Staunton. Here we prepared ourselves to visit another curiosity. The shower was now over, which had wet us to the skin—the sun was pouring down his most scorching rays—the heavy thunder had gone by; we threw around our delighted eyes, and beheld near us the lofty Alleghany rearing his shaggy head. The south branch of the Shenandoah river, with its banks covered with beautiful trees, was murmuring at our feet; a lovely plain stretched below us as far as the eye could reach; and we, with our guide, were now standing about half way up a hill nearly two hundred feet high, and so steep that a biscuit may be thrown from its top into the river at its foot,—we were standing at the mouth of WIER'S CAVE. This cavern derives its name from Barnet Wier, who discovered it in the year 1804. It is situated near Madison's Cave, so celebrated, though the latter cannot be compared with the former.

There were three of us, besides our guide, with lighted torches, and our loins girded, now ready to descend into the cave. We took our torches in our left hands and entered. The mouth was so small that we could descend only by creeping, one after another. A descent of almost twenty yards brought us into the first room. The cave was exceedingly cold, dark, and silent, like the chambers of death. In this manner we proceeded, now descending thirty or forty feet, now ascending as high; now creeping on our hands and knees, and now walking in large rooms, the habitation of The mountain seems to be composed solitude. almost wholly of limestone, and by this means the cave is lined throughout with the most beautiful incrustations and stalactites of carbonated lime, which are formed by the continual dripping of the water through the roof. These stalactites are of various and elegant shapes and colours, often bearing a striking resemblance to animated nature. At one place we saw over our heads what appeared to be a waterfall of the most beautiful kind. Nor could the imagination be easily persuaded that it was not a reality: you could see the water boiling and dashing down, see its white spray and foam-but it was all solid limestone.

Thus we passed onward in this world of solitude,
—now stopping to admire the beauties of a single
stalactite, now wondering at the magnificence of a

large room; now creeping through narrow passages, hardly wide enough to admit the body of a man, and now walking in superb galleries,-until we came to the largest room, called WASHINGTON HALL. This is certainly the most elegant room I ever saw. It is about two hundred and seventy feet in length, about thirty-five in width, and between thirty and forty feet high. The roof and sides are very beautifully adorned by the tinsels which Nature has bestowed in the greatest profusion, and which sparkle like the diamond while surveyed by the light of torches. The floor is flat, and smooth, and solid. I was foremost of our little party in entering this room, and was not a little startled, as I approached the centre, to see a figure, as it were, rising up before me out of the solid rock. It was not far from seven feet high, and corresponded in every respect to the common idea of a ghost. It was very white, and resembled a tall man clothed in a shroud. I went up to it sideways, though I could not really expect to meet a ghost in a place like this. On examination, I found it was a very beautiful piece of the carbonate of lime, very transparent, and very much in the shape of a man. This is called WASHINGTON'S STATUE; as if Nature would do for this hero what his delivered country has not done—rear a statue to his memory.

Here an accident happened which might have

been serious. One of our party had purposely extinguished his light, lest we should not have enough to last. My companion accidentally put out his light, and in sport came and blew out mine. We were now about sixteen hundred feet from daylight, with but one feeble light, which the falling water might in a moment have extinguished. Add to this, that the person who held this light was at some distance viewing some falling water.

#### "Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant."

We, however, once more lighted our torches; but had we not been able to do so, we might at our leisure have contemplated the gloominess of the cavern, for no one would have come to us till the next day. In one room we found an excellent spring of water, which boiled up as if to slake our thirst, then sunk into the mountain, and was seen no more. In another room was a noble pillar, called the Tower of Babel. It is composed entirely of the stalactites of lime, or, as the appearance would seem to suggest, of petrified water. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and a little more than ninety feet in circumference, and not far from thirty feet high. There are probably millions of stalactites in this one pillar.

Thus we wandered on in this world within a world, till we had visited twelve very beautiful

rooms, and as many creeping places, and had now arrived at the end-a distance from our entrance of between twenty-four and twenty-five hundred feet; or, what is about its equal, half a mile from the mouth. We here found ourselves exceedingly fatigued; but our torches forbade us to tarry, and we once more turned our lingering steps towards the common world. When we arrived again at Washington Hall, one of our company three times discharged a pistol, whose report was truly deafening; and as the sound reverberated and echoed through one room after another, till it died away in distance, it seemed like the moanings of spirits. We continued our wandering steps till we arrived once more at daylight, having been nearly three hours in the cavern. We were much fatigued, covered with dirt, and in a cold sweat; yet we regretted to leave it. From the farther end of the cave I gathered some handsome stalactites, which I put into my portmanteau and preserved as mementoes of that day's visit.

To compare the Natural Bridge and Cave together as objects of curiosity, is exceedingly difficult. Many consider the Bridge as the greatest curiosity; but I think the Cavern is. In looking at the Bridge we are filled with awe; at the Cavern, with delight. At the Bridge we have several views that are awful; at the Cave, hundreds that are pleasing. At the Bridge you stand and

gaze in astonishment; at the Cave awfulness is lost in beauty, and grandeur is dressed in a thousand captivating forms. At the Bridge you feel yourself to be looking into another world; at the Cave you find yourself already arrived there. The one presents to us a God who is very "wonderful in working;" the other exhibits the same power, but with it is blended loveliness in a thousand forms. In each is vastness. Greatness constitutes the whole of one, but the other is elegant as well as great. Of each we must retain lively impressions; and to witness such displays of the Creator's power must ever be considered as happy events in our lives. While viewing scenes like these, we must ever exalt the energy of creating power, and sink under the thoughts of our own insignificance. The works of nature are admirably well calculated to impress us deeply with a sense of the mighty power of God, who can separate two mountains by a channel of awfulness, or fill the bowels of a huge mountain with beauties, that man, with all the aid of art, can only admire, but never imitate.





## The Squirrel.

from the benevolence of the present day, that it instils a spirit of philanthropy into the tender bosoms of the rising generation. We see liberality beginning to display itself in almost every professing Christian; and the children of our country are often seen to extend their little hands to aid in the great cause of spreading the gospel. I have met with several instances recently, which much interested me, only one of which I shall now relate.

It was Sabbath eve, when, at a friend's house, we were all sitting in the piazza, conversing about the exertions now making for the heathen. It was a lovely evening, and the conversation most interesting.

"Father," said little Harriet, after listening a long time to our conversation,—"father, do these

little heathen children wish to learn to read the Testament?" "Many of them are anxious for this; and all would be anxious, did they know its value." "But, father, have they all got Testaments, if they did know how to read?" "No, my love; few of them only ever heard anything about the Testament—about God—about Jesus Christ!" "Will half a dollar buy one Testament for one little heathen girl?" "It would." "Oh!" sighed the little Harriet, "how I wish I had half a dollar! Father, may I sell anything I've got, if I can get half a dollar?" "Yes," said the father, smiling at his daughter's simplicity. Here the conversation ended.

Almost every child has some toy of which it is peculiarly fond. Harriet's toy was a beautiful tame gray squirrel, which she had brought up, to which she was excessively attached. It would eat from her hand, attend her in her rambles, and sleep on her pillow. The pretty little Jenny-for this was its name—was suddenly taken sick. The little girl nursed it with every care, and shed many tears over it, as it died on her pillow in her lap. Her father endeavoured in vain to console her, assuring her that Jenny was now insensible to any pain or trouble. "The end of her life has arrived and she is now no more; but when my little daughter comes to die, if she is a good girl, her immortal spirit will only leave this world to

wing its way to a world happier than this. Be comforted, my daughter, or you will make your father unhappy. Why do you grieve so?" "Father," said the weeping Harriet, "did I not love my squirrel?" "Yes." "Did you not say I might sell anything I had for half a dollar, and send a Testament to the heathen children?" "Yes." "Well, I was going to sell my pretty squirrel to Mr. Smith, who was to give me half a dollar for it, and I was going to send a Testament to the heathen; but now my Jenny is dead." ceased, her speech being choked by her sobs. father was silent,—a tear stood in his eye. put a silver dollar in his daughter's hand, and she dried her tears, rejoicing that Jenny's death would be the means of sending two or three Testaments to the heathen instead of one.





### Modern Ennobations.

F you have ever happened to be at meeting in our village on the Sabbath, you we probably remember having seen me lessed up my great family through the midder aisle, and place them on the right has near the pulpit. I have constantly been to meeting, and sat in this very seat (which is one of the best in the house), for nearly forty years. I has lately observed with pain and anxiety, that may of our good old customs are giving way to mode innovations; and I wish to lay some of my trouble before you, Mr. Editor, hoping that you, or sor other person, will soon raise his quill on my sifor redress.

My present minister has been settled here is many years, and has always been considered as good man; but of late he appears so unlike his self, that at times I am somewhat afraid he has a measure lost his reason. I well remember the time when he would often give us as fine sermons on politics as could be produced by any man. Indeed, this was a subject on which I used to delight to hear him descant; for here he would show real feeling, and often give such bursts of eloquence that I was almost tempted to clap him. 'Tis true he sometimes offended some, but they were those whose consciences were weak, or who were on the wrong side of the question, and in either case not worth minding. And on a certain Fourth of July, he spread joy and mirth throughout our village, by getting our schoolmaster to make us an oration, and providing a fine dinner, at which he himself presided. I remember those days—but, alas! they live only in memory. never hear a word now about my favourite subject, politics, from the pulpit; instead of this, our minister is now constantly preaching about "repentance, and revivals of religion, and holiness of heart," and such things; one sermon about which would give me more gloominess than a dozen on politics. I lately took the liberty to give him a hint on this subject, and begged that he would once more bring out some of his old fire, and raise a patriotic spirit in our bosoms. But he said his opinions on this subject were changed; that he now believed it wrong for a Christian, especially a minister, to be engaged in political intrigues. I

tried to convince him that he was certainly wrong -that he was becoming "over righteous," and would make all his people superstitious and gloomy at this rate. He replied, "that a minister was accountable to God for the souls of his people, and not for their political creed; that he had enough to do to fulfil what was already laid upon him," &c. He said this in a manner so serious, that it absolutely made me feel disagreeably. He was just about to retort upon me, and give me a sermon upon my unconquerable love of worldly things, when a friend happening to come along. I got off, and have never dared to mention the subject since. I cannot but wonder at this great change in our ministers, with respect to their preaching politics. For my part, I hate innovations. I hate to see old customs falling into disuse. I would give ten times as much to furnish our minister with newspapers, if he would only now and then give us a political sermon, as I now do to all the long list of charitable societies in operation. I would give liberally for this worthy object, notwithstanding he often throws out hints of my stinginess. I am astonished that preachers are so unwilling of late to gratify their hearers in this subject. A rarity of this kind would certainly be very acceptable to many hearers.

When I was a lad, it was customary for the good old people who worked hard all the week to

be seen nodding, and sometimes even snoring, during service. Under my old minister, Mr. Calmfear, I often used to fall asleep after hearing his text, and by the time he had finished his sermon I was finely refreshed with my nap. He, good man, used indeed to urge us to give our attention, though he would often apologize for us, by saying that he knew "the spirit was willing, though the flesh was weak." He was a man of feeling and compassion; the Sabbath was then "a day of rest;" and, at first, I thought our present minister was going to follow in his steps. But here I was much mistaken. He often speaks so loud as to startle one, and has such a melancholy solemnity in his voice, that one cannot sleep with ease under his preaching. I remember one Sabbath, after a week's very hard labour, when I had fallen into a profound sleep, with many others of my neighbours, all at once the preacher stopped, and, in the language of one Whitefield, cried, "Fire, fire!" I jumped from my seat, and, looking wildly around, cried, "Where, where?" He looked me full in the face, and replied, "In hell for sleepers!" I shrunk back into my seat, and though I have often been severely tempted, yet I have never since dared to sleep in meeting. Nor is that all. My neighbours have all become so scrupulous and superstitious on this point, that you see the whole congregation striving to keep awake

by rising and standing, &c. Now it grieves me sadly to see these new notions destroying the good old customs of our fathers. I have stayed at home several Sabbaths, in order to spend it "in rest;" but here I never better myself, for the parson always calls on me the next morning to inquire if I am sick, and never fails to give me a tremendous sermon, that makes me feel bad all day. If I tell him I stayed at home on account of sickness, why, then he plies me about death, about eternity, and about being prepared to die, all which make me feel unhappy.

I can at this time mention but one more of the many grievances which lie heavily on my heart. A few years ago it was the custom of our village to meet together at the door of our meetinghouse a little before the service began. And it was very pleasant to see a group of old men, like myself, in one place, and a number of young men in another, and a dozen of girls in a third, all glad to meet each other. Here we could inquire about our healths, listen to whatever news was stirring about wars or commerce, or whatever it might be, or perhaps talk over the characters of those who stood candidates for public offices. Sometimes, too, we had letters to give each other, or errands to communicate. All this you know. Mr. Editor, was necessary business, which could not be done at any other time, as we met nowhere else during the week. This was always an interesting season to me, and one in which I never felt at all sleepy. But here, too, modern opinions have prevailed. One Sabbath, in particular, we assembled rather earlier than usual, and before the time for meeting to begin, our accustomed chat was all over; and perhaps we did then go a little too far. I know not whether our minister heard that I made a few trifling bargains on that morning, or whether he saw one of his neighbours paying the tailor for his new coat, but so it was, that the next Sabbath he took his text from the words of Nehemiah to the Jews; and though I could not see how the instructions to the Jews, at that time, were to apply to us, yet he gave us such a tremendous lecture that not a soul has been since seen standing round the church before or after service. I feel myself getting old, and though I think I care but very little about this world, yet it is a constant grief to me to see such good old practices preached out of fashion. Till you will again listen to my complaints, Mr. Editor, I must content myself with the reflection that I have a good disposition to have an alteration in these respects, though I want the power.



### The Twins.

"I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West."—BRAINARD.

FEW years since, a man and his wife arrived in the town of M——, N. Y., as permanent residents. They were young, lately married, and their prospects for the future were bright and cheering. They purchased a farm in M——, which was then a new country, and had happily spent two or three years in this situation, when, by a mysterious providence, the young man was called from this world. With his surviving widow he left two lovely twin infants, to deplore a loss which time could not retrieve. The widow sought comfort in vain from the limited circle of her acquaintance. There was no

minister of the gospel in that region to direct her to the great Source of comfort, nor was there a pious friend who could guide her trembling footsteps to the cross of Jesus. But she went to her Bible, and, by the assistance of the Spirit of truth, found that consolation which a selfish world can neither bestow nor taste. She mourned indeed. a husband who was no more; but she was cheered by the hope that God would protect her and hers. She wept over her innocent babes, and resolved that while she lived they should never need a mother's care. As they grew up, she endeavoured to teach them the first principles of religion; but they received only her instructions. One week after another rolled away, -one Sabbath after another dawned upon the wilderness, but they brought none of its privileges. The wilderness had never echoed with the sound of the churchgoing bell. The solitary places had never been gladdened by the sound of the footsteps of Him who proclaims glad tidings of great joy. The feeling mother clasped her little boys to her aching bosom, and sighed and wept for the opportunity of taking them by the hand and leading them up to the courts of God. In the days of her childhood she had possessed great advantages, and she now mourned that her babes could only receive instruction from her lips. Alas! no man of God came to instruct.—to cheer.—to gladden the

bosom of her who, for years, had never heard the whispers of love from the servants of her Saviour.

When the little boys were five years old, and before they were old enough to be sensible of their loss, a consumption had fastened upon their tender parent, and she was soon encircled in the cold arms of death. She steadily watched the certain issue of her disease, and even in her last moments commended her children to Him who is "a Father to the fatherless." A few moments before she expired, she kissed her little boys, who wept, almost without knowing why, on feeling the last grasp of the clay-cold hand of their mother. is hard," said she to a neighbour who was present. -"it is hard for a mother to leave two such helpless babes without friends, and without any one to protect them; but I leave them in the hands of God, and I do believe he will protect them. last prayer shall be for my poor destitute orphans."

After the death of their mother they were received into the house of a neighbour, a poor widow. In less than a year, one of them was stretched beside his mother beneath the sods.

About this time a pious young lady arrived in the place. She too was an orphan, but was not comfortless. It was her first inquiry how she could do good to the spiritually destitute villagers around her.

In the course of one of her afternoon walks she

met a little boy straggling by the side of the road. There was something in his countenance which excited interest at once, though he was exceedingly ragged. The young lady was struck with his appearance, and immediately entered into conversation with him.

"What is your name, my little boy?" said she ntly. "James." "Where do you live?" "With Widow Parker, just in the edge of the wood there, in that little log-house; can't you see it?" "I see it; but is Widow Parker your mother?" "No: I had a mother last year, and she loved me. She used to take care of me and of my brother John. She made our clothes, and taught us to say our prayers and catechisms. Oh, she was a most good mother!" "But where is your mother?" said the lady, as soothingly as possible. "Oh, madam, she is dead! Do you see that grave-yard yonder?" "Yes." "And the great maple-tree which stands in the farther corner of it?" "Yes, I see it." "Well, my poor mother was buried under that tree, and my brother John lies there too. They were both buried deep in the ground, though my mother's grave was the deepest. I shall never see them again, never, never, as long as I live. Will you go with me and see the graves?" continued he, looking at the lady with great earnestness and simplicity.

The short account which the little boy gave of

himself awakened the best feelings of the young lady, and she had been devising some plan by which to do him good. For the present she declined visiting the grave, but continued to converse with him, and to gain his confidence. She found him very ignorant, having never been at school; and the instructions of his pious mother, not having her to repeat and enforce them by precept and example, were nearly forgotten.

A Sabbath school had never been established in the place, and whether it were practicable to establish one was doubtful,—but she was determined to make the experiment. Accordingly, she visited every little cottage in the village, and urged that the children might be assembled on the next Lord's-day, and a school formed. A proposal of this kind was new, was from a new-comer, and was unpopular. All the old women in the place entered their protest against such innovations. For the first three Sabbaths the young lady had no other scholar besides her little James. But she had already been taught, that however faint our prospects of doing good at first may be, we should not be discouraged. Our labour may not be lost, though the first blow may not produce much effect. She was sorry that she had so few scholars, but she bent all her energies to the instruction of her little boy, and afterwards felt that Providence had ordered it wisely.

But in a few weeks the prejudices of the people began to wear away, and before the summer closed this school embraced every child whose age would allow it to attend.

It was the second summer after the establishment of this school, and after little James had become well acquainted with his Testament and catechism, that his health also began to fail. This good young lady beheld his gradual decay with anxiety, visited him frequently, and always wept after having left him. She used often to walk out with him, and to endeavour to cheer him by her conversation.

One pleasant afternoon she led him out by the hand, and at his request visited the spot where lay his mother and his little brother. Their graves were both covered with grass, and on the smaller grave were some beautiful flowerets. was in the cool of a serene summer's day, as they sat by the graves in silence, and neither of them felt like speaking. The lady gazed at the pale countenance of the little boy, upon whose system a lingering disease was preying, while he looked at her with an eye that seemed to say, I have not long to enjoy your society. Without saying a word he cut a small stick, and measured the exact length of his little brother's grave, and again seated himself by the lady. She appeared sad while he calmly addressed her.

"You see, Miss S——, that this little grave is shorter than mine will be." She pressed his little bony hand within her own, and he continued,—

"You know not how much I love you,-how much I thank you. Before you taught me, I knew nothing of death, -nothing about heaven, or God, or angels; I was a very wicked boy till vou met me. I love you much, very much, but I would say-something else." "And what would you say, James?" inquired the lady, trying to compose her own feelings. "Do you think I shall ever get well?" "Indeed I hope you will; but why ask that question?" "Because I feel I shall not live long,—I believe I shall soon die,— I shall then be laid beside my poor mother,—and she will then have her two little boys, one on each side of her. But do not cry, Miss S---; I am not afraid to die. You told me, and the Testament tells me, that Christ will suffer little children to come unto him; and though I know I am a very sinful little boy, yet I think I shall be happy, for I love this Saviour who can save such a wicked boy as I am. And I sometimes think I shall soon meet mother and little brother in happiness. I know you will come too, won't you? When I am dead, I wish you to tell the Sabbath scholars how much I loved them all; tell them they must all die, and may die soon, and tell them to come and measure the grave of little James, and then prepare to die."

The young lady wept, and could not answer him at that time. But she was enabled to converse with him many times afterwards on the grounds of his hope, and was satisfied that this little lamb was indeed of the fold of Jesus. She was sitting at his bedside, and with her own trembling hand closed his lovely eyes as they shut in the slumbers of death. He fell asleep with a smile, without a struggle. The lady was the only sincere mourner who followed the remains of the child to the grave; and while she shed many tears over that grave, which concealed his lovely form, she could not but rejoice in the belief that God had permitted her to be the feeble instrument of preparing an immortal spirit for a mansion in the skies, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.





# In Mother's Tears.

SAW. leside the grassy tomb,
A little coffin fair;
And many gazed as if the bloom
Of Eden withered there.

The little vessel, short and wide, Received a sigh from all; For two sweet infants, side by side, Were shrouded in one pall.

And now the mother at their head Like marble stood with grief; And every pearly tear she shed Then seemed to give relief.

She raised the napkin o'er them spread, Which hid them from her view; Then, bending o'er the coffin's head, She gazed a last adieu. And on their face, so cold and fair, Impressed the last fond kiss; And often would she then declare— "No grief was e'er like this!"

"What have I done to anger God?

Oh! tell me now, I pray;—

Why must I bear his heavy rod,

Or see my infants' clay?"

I saw the aged pastor weep,
When closely standing by;
And long shall memory safely keep
His answer in reply:—

- "A shepherd long had sought in vain To call a wandering sheep; He strove to make its pathway plain Through dangers thick and deep.
- "But still the wanderer stood aloof, And still refused to come; Nor would she ever hear reproof, Or turn to seek her home.
- "At last the gentle shepherd took

  Her little lambs from view!

  The mother turned with anguished look—
  She turned and followed too!"



### The Jew.

RAVELLING lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become accounted

quainted.

He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his face. He was well dressed, and his countenance was noble, though it was evident that his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat, and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him.

"Sir, am I correct; am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?"

The following narrative was the substance of his reply.

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his youth before he left Europe, and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; but her cultivated mind and her amiable disposition threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder, then, that a doting father, whose head was now sprinkled with gray, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented it with an ornament

Not long ago this daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, yet he seldom spoke but in the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance; but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart.

The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

She extended to her parent her wasted hand—"My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world beside." "But, father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? have I never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father, do you love me?"—The father could not answer; she added, "I know, my dear father, that you have ever loved me—that you have been

the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request—oh, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will; though it take all my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted—I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!"

The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him; I feel that I am going to him, that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray that you may know him; and, when I am no more, you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine."

The exertion overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She ceased; and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude to return, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I

trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb!





### The Sabbath School.

"Hush! 'tis a holy hour. The quiet room
Seems like a temple, while you soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer."

HE prejudices which many have against the benevolent operations of the present day usually arise from ignorance of their effects. I have seldom known a candid man to dislike them after seeing their tendency. A few years since, I knew a man strongly prejudiced against most of our benevolent societies. He was respected, and was usually agreeable and polite. But when an education society or a Sabbath school was mentioned, he made no scruples in manifesting his antipathy. It so happened, that one summer a student from college, a charity scholar, established a Sabbath school in the neighbourhood of this gentleman. As he was

winning in his manners, he soon collected all the children in the vicinity, except the only child of this man, who for some weeks refused to permit his little daughter, a lovely child of eight years old, to attend the school. But as all her playmates attended, and were delighted with the privilege, and as no bad consequences were seen to result from their instructions, what by entreaties, and what by a kind request from her mother, it so happened that, on the fifth Sabbath after the school was opened, little Clarissa ---- was at school, with her blithe rosy countenance, happy among her happy companions. She continued to attend regularly through the summer, and to improve very rapidly. The teacher of the school encouraged his little pupils to make any inquiries about the texts of Scripture which they could not understand. It was at the close of a pleasant Sabbath in August, when the father called the child to him, and addressed her very mildly-"Clarissa, my love, are you not tired of going to that Sunday school? I don't think you learn anything-I mean, nothing that you understand." "Oh yes, father, I do, a great many things!-for to-day I asked my teacher about that beautiful text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;'-and what, father, do you think?" "Why, child, it must mean that we ought to be charitable to the poor." "Yes,

father; but do you know why it is like casting bread on the waters?" "No, my love." "Well, my teacher explained it to me. He said that in the Eastern country rice and all kinds of grain are called bread, even before they are cooked. He said that every year the river Nile—and so of some other Eastern rivers—rose up high, and had its waters overflow its banks, and all the country



CLARISSA AND HER FATHER.

round. While the waters were thus covering the country, the people went out in their little boats and scattered their rice (or bread) on the waters. This was sowing it. It sunk down in the mud; the waters covered it. Yet the people knew it was not lost; for in due time the waters went off, and then the rice sprung up, and then they usually had great crops. This is casting bread on the waters; and true charity is just like it. Isn't it

a beautiful verse, father?" "Yes." "And don't I learn and understand what my teacher tells me?" "You may go and tell it to your mother, my dear."

Towards the close of the summer, the teacher was taken sick, and was obliged to leave his Sabbath school and college. As he was indigent, the ladies of the neighbourhood kindly made him up a small purse to bear his expenses. One evening little Clarissa came to her father with a very earnest look, and says, "Father, will you please to give me ninepence?" "What will you do with it, my dear?" "Oh, I want it very much, and will not waste it, father." "But what do you want it for?" "I wish, father, you would please to give it to me without asking; I do want it very much." "I can't give my daughter money, unless she tells me to what use she is to apply it." "Well, father, I fear you will not give it to me, but I will tell you. You know that Mr. —, my school teacher, is sick, and must go away. Oh, he has been so kind to me! He is going away, and I am afraid I shall never see him again; I wanted to give him the ninepence! You remember how he explained to me that beautiful text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters."

The little girl sobbed, and a tear stood in the eye of the father. He put a bank-note in the

hand of his child for her sick teacher, and turned aside and wept. He thought how he had been taught a lesson of charity by his little child; how he had opposed the very school where she had been thus instructed; and how he had ever been supremely selfish and sinful. From that hour he became awakened, and was in great anxiety of mind for some time. He then found peace in believing. He is now a firm friend of education societies and Sabbath schools; and never thinks of either without thinking of the teacher whom he opposed—of his daughter's improvement—and of his own hopes of immortality.





### The Christian Slave.

"A Christian! going, gone! Who bids for God's own image?—for his grace, Which that poor victim of the market-place Hath in her suffering won?

"My God! can such things be? Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done Unto thy weaker and thy humblest one Is even done to thee?"—WHITTIER.

HE sun had set, and I began to be anxious to find a place of rest for the night, after a day's ride under a sultry sun. I was travelling in South Carolina, and was now not far from a branch of the Cooper river. The country here is a dead level, and its surface is covered with thinly scattered pines. I came to an old church. It stood solitary, not a house in sight: it was built of wood, and much decayed. The breezes of evening were gently sighing through the tops of the long-leafed pines which stood near; while still nearer stood several large live-oaks, which spread out their aged arms as if

to shelter what was sacred. On their limbs hung in graceful folds the long gray moss, as if a mantle of mourning, waving over a few decayed tombs at the east side of the church. These oaks gave the place a very sombre and awful appearance; they seemed to stand as silent mourners over the dust of generations that had sunk into the grave, and waiting in solemn expectation that others would soon come and lie beneath their shade in the long sleep of death. The time of day, and the sacredness of the spot, were so congenial to my own feelings, that I involuntarily stopped my horse.

My curiosity was now excited by seeing a very aged negro standing and gazing steadily on a small decaying tomb. He seemed to be intent, and did not observe me. His woolly locks were whitened by age; his countenance was manly, though it bore the marks of sorrow; he was leaning on his smooth-worn staff, the companion of many years. I was somewhat surprised on seeing this aged African silently meditating among the vestiges of the dead, and accordingly roused him from his reverie. He started at first, but his confidence was soon gained. There is a spring in the bosom of every Christian, which throws a joy into his heart whenever he meets a fellow-Christian during his pilgrimage here below. I found the old negro to be an eminent Christian, and we were soon acquainted. I inquired what motive induced him,

at that hour of the day, to visit these tombs. Instead of answering my question directly, he gave me the following account of himself in broken language.



THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

About sixty years before, this negro was living under his paternal roof in Africa. He was the son of a chief of a small tribe, the pride of his parents, and the delight of his countrymen. None could more dexterously throw the dart; none more skilfully guide the fragile canoe over the bosom of the deep. He was not far from twenty years of age, when, on a fair summer's morn, he went in his little canoe to spend the day in fishing. About noon he paddled his bark to the shore, and under the shade of a beautiful palmetto-tree he reclined till the heat of noonday should be past. He was young, healthy, and active; he knew none whom he dreaded—he was a stranger to fear;

and he dreamed only of security, as he slept under the shade of his own native tree. Thus, while our sky is encircled with the bow of happiness, we forget that it may soon be overspread with darkness. When this African awoke, he found his hands bound behind him, his feet fettered, and himself surrounded by several white men, who were conveying him on board of their ship. It was a slave-ship. The vessel had her cargo completed, and was ready to sail. As they were unfurling the sails, the son of Africa, with many others of his countrymen, for the last time cast his eyes upon his native shores. Futurity was dark, was uncertain, was despair. His bosom thrilled with anguish, as he threw his last farewell look over the plains of his native country. There was his native spot where he had lived, there the home of his infancy and childhood, there the place where he had inhaled his earliest breath, and to tear him from these seemed liked breaking the very strings of his heart.

After a melancholy passage, during which this African was forced to wear double the irons, to receive double the number of lashes, that any of his companions received, on account of his refractory spirit, he was at length landed and sold to a planter in the place where he now resides. There is nothing new, nothing novel or interesting that ever takes place in the life of a slave—

describe one day, and you write the history of a The sun, indeed, continues to roll over him, but it sheds upon him no new joys, no new prospects, no new hopes. So it was with the subject of this narrative. His master was naturally a man of a very humane disposition, but his overseers were often little else than compounds of vice and cruelty. In this situation the negro lost all his natural independence and bravery. He often attempted to run away, but was as often taken and punished. Having no cultivated mind to which he could look for consolation—knowing of no change that was ever to take place in his situation, he settled down in gloominess. would he send a silent sigh for the home of his youth; but his path showed but few marks of happiness, and few rays of hope for futurity were drawn by Fancy's hand. Sunk in despondency and vice, he was little above the brutes around him.

In this situation he was accidentally met by the good minister of the parish, who addressed him as a rational and immortal being, and pressed upon him the first principles of religion. This was a new subject, for he had never before looked beyond the narrow bounds before him; nor had he ever dreamed of a world beyond this. After a long conversation on this subject, the minister made him promise that he would now "attend to his soul."

The clergyman could not, for many months after this, obtain an interview with his new pupil, who most carefully shunned him. But though afraid to meet his minister, he still felt an arrow of conviction in his heart. Wherever he went, whether asleep or awake, to use his own words, his promise, "Me take care of soul, stick close to him." He now began in earnest to seek "the one thing needful." By the kindness of his master, he learned to read his Testament, and to inquire more about Jesus. He was now very desirous to see his minister; and before a convenient opportunity occurred, he was in such distress of mind as actually to attempt two several times to kill himself. His minister visited him, conversed and prayed with him.

"Oh," he would say, "God never think such poor negro, he no love so much sinner, he no before ever see such bad heart!" The mercy of Christ and his compassion towards sinners were explained to him, and his soul was filled with "joy and peace in believing." He now rejoiced and thanked God that he was brought from his native shores, as he had a fairer country, and purer enjoyments presented to his view, after the scenes of this transitory world shall be over. He now became more industrious, and more faithful. By uncommon industry he raised money sufficient to purchase his own freedom. He next bought

(579)

the liberty of his wife, and had nearly completed paying for that of his only daughter, when she was liberated by the hand of death. His wife soon followed her, and left this world a perfect void to the husband and father. His every tie that bound him to earth was now broken. Having no earthly enjoyment, he now placed his affections on heaven above. It is easy for the Christian to make rapid progress in holiness when not fettered by worldly cares.

It was now dark, and I must leave my new acquaintance. I left him with his face wet with tears, still standing beside the tomb—the tomb of his old minister! This good man had been his faithful and constant guide, and though his ashes had been slumbering for years, the negro had not yet forgotten how to weep at their urn. I could not but admire the goodness, and the wonderful dealings of God, in order to bring men to himself. Happy minister! who has been the instrument of covering multitudes of sins! Happy negro! his is not this world. Though no sculptured marble may tell the traveller where he may shortly liethough he never trod the thorny road of ambition or power—though the trumpet of fame never blew the echo of his name through a gaping worldstill those eyes, which will soon be closed in death, may hereafter awake, to behold, undaunted, a world in flames, and these heavens fleeing away.



## The Sailor's Juneral.

HE raging storm was calmed and stilled,
And sadness now each bosom filled,
As we assembled slow;
For every sailor mourned the lad
Whose pallid features death had clad,
And artless was our woe.

We placed him on the vessel's side,
And waveless was the dark blue tide,
About to close around him;
We heard no bell, we saw no bier,
Nor kindred friends to drop a tear,
As in the sheet we wound him!

The winds were sighing through the shrouds, The moon was shining through the clouds, And soft her beams were pouring; And then we gathered round the head, And silent gazed upon the dead, While distant waves were roaring!

'Twas there we thought, that, far away, His widowed mother, day by day, Would pray for his returning; How little sisters watched each sail,

And disappointed oft, turned pale By lamp at midnight burning!

Then slow we raised him o'er the side, And gently downward let him glide,

And placed him on the billow;
The waters round him smoothly closed,
As on their bosom he reposed,

And made their deep his pillow!

O sailor! lowly is thy bed,
And few the tears for thee are shed,
For few will mourn for thee;
But sad we lay thee here in peace,
And round thee corals shall increase,
And thou shalt sleep most peacefully!

But here thou shalt not always rest,
With waters rolling o'er thy breast—
For thou again shalt rise;
And thou the voice of heaven wilt hear,
Which wakes the just both far and near,
And calls them to the skies!



## The Missionary.

"Land where the bones of our fathers are sleeping, Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping, Land where the light of Jehovah is shining, We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean:
Dark are our hearts; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within; —and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of salvation."

T is a number of years since a cool October night found me travelling in our western wilderness. I had rode all day through an almost trackless wild, having little else but trees, with a part of their bark hewn off, to guide me; and it was now just in the edge of evening. The forests had already felt several frosts, and the various trees were assuming different shades, red, brown, and yellow. Though wearied and on a wearied horse, I saw no prospect of a shelter for the night, save the foliage of the trees and the canopy of heaven. By the murmur of waters I knew I could not be far from some

great river, and hoped that I might possibly find. a habitation on its banks. A full moon now rose through the trees, checkering the woods as a stream of silver light was here and there poured through the branches, and giving it a wild, romantic appearance. I soon came near the river, and a small light twinkling between the trees gave the cheering assurance that human beings were near. I rode up to the door, and found the light came from a rude log-house, small, and hastily put together, with clay between the logs, and a chimney built at one end, on the outside. A little barn, a small garden, and a pretty grass plot in front of the dwelling, seemed to indicate that the occupants, if poor, were not entirely without industry or taste. When I knocked, the door was opened by a venerable-looking man, who was bending under the weight of many years. I told him my situation; that I was a stranger, weary, benighted, and needing his hospitality. "I am alone," said the old man, "and have but poor accommodations; my dwelling is a house of loneliness and sorrow; but if you can put up with my few conveniences, you are welcome;" and with that he led the way to his little stable for my horse. While thus employed, the peculiar appearance and silence of the old man, together with a few slight hints which fell from him, excited my curiosity to study his character. On entering the cottage, I noticed it

was divided into two small rooms; and although the furniture was poor and coarse, yet everything was neat and in order. After partaking a hasty meal of plain food, I felt a desire to draw the old man into conversation; but to this he seemed unaccountably averse. He appeared kind and obliging; yet there was a melancholy hanging around him that was inexplicable. I imputed this to his solitary life, and we both sat silent. At the season of rest, he pointed to a rude bed, covered with bear-skins, in one corner of the room. am not able, sir, to give you a better bed; you will please to occupy that couch. I shall sit up." Surprised at such a proposal, I said, "Your bed, kind friend, is more needed by you than by me. But have you no bed in the other room that I can occupy?" He shook his head. I continued, "I am-young; I can lie on the floor in my cloak a worthier Being than myself had not where to lay his head." I saw the old man's countenance brighten at this; and I knew that I had touched a string in his heart that would vibrate. We sat down, and religion was introduced. I found him intelligent, clear, decided, and very pious. At my particular request, he gave me a brief history of his life, bringing his narrative to the present time. He was born and educated in New England. In the morning of life he was tempted to leave his native village, for what was considered a good offer

in the new settlements. For many years his worldly concerns were thriving and prosperous; but at length, by some quibble of the land-jobbers, the deed by which he held his land was discovered to be defective; and in an hour he was reduced from comparative affluence to poverty. His wife died soon after this event; and he then retired to this lonely spot, intending to spend his life alone, living on what he could take by fishing and hunting.

"It will be five years the coming winter," said he, "since I was sitting here one evening all alone, save my dog, who lay beside me. He was great company, and is now." Here he stroked the head of a large mastiff, who looked up as if understanding the subject of conversation. "I was saying, it was in the evening, and in the middle of the winter. I had noticed, as the sun set, that he went down gloomy and red. It was not long before the winds began to rise, and sweep through the forest with a roaring truly dreadful. A darkness soon spread over the face of the heavens, so thick that not a star could glimmer through it. A storm was coming. It was a cold and piercing evening. The mighty trees bent before the wind, while their limbs and branches either broke and fell, or loudly creaked. Soon the snow began to fall—like feathers at first, but presently in thickening sheets, whirling in eddies, and curling in wreaths, and whistling shrill, as it coiled around

the roots of the trees. I looked out of my little window, but could see nothing-all was darkness. I could hear nothing but the howling tempest and the loud yells of the wolves which came mingling with almost every blast. It seemed as if the spirit of the storm was striding through the interminable forest in the greatness of his power. I was preparing to go to rest, when my dog suddenly leaped up and barked violently. I listened, and could plainly hear cries of distress. I kindled up my fire, took my lantern, dog, and doublebarrelled gun, and went out. I fired my gun to frighten the wolves, and to give notice that assistance was near. I listened attentively, but heard only one faint cry for help—distant and indistinct. I called, but no one answered. I had searched a long time, was nearly numb with the cold, and about to return, when my dog came bounding through the snow, bringing a pocket-handkerchief in his mouth. I took the handkerchief and followed him. At a short distance I found a horse's bridle and saddle; and after searching further, I found, almost buried in the snow, an old man, with a child in his arms about twelve years of age. The old man was faint, and almost stiff with cold; while the child, who lay upon his breast, with her arms about his neck, was yet able to cry, though her tears were frozen on her face. much difficulty I took them to my dwelling; and

in the course of the night, got them warmed and revived. The next morning was dark without, but still more sad within. The old man, whom I had rescued from death, was too feeble to rise; and the little girl had almost forgotten the horrors through which she had so lately passed, in her anxiety for him. She was a beautiful little creature, but thinly clad. I wondered how so frail a flower came to be taken from its proper soil, and exposed to such severities. She seemed to know but little about the old man in whose protection she unhesitatingly relied, though it was easy to see that she regarded him with peculiar affection. I tried to amuse my guest, and in the course of a few days he was so much revived that he could give me something of his history.

"I now learned what gave me but little pleasure, that my guest was a missionary sent out into the new settlements from New England. I had often heard his name mentioned as I went into a village somewhat distant, though I had never before seen him. He was peculiarly venerable and dignified in his look, with gray hair, and a wan countenance, though it was cheerful and calm. I hated the very name of a missionary; but the helpless situation of this old man, his interesting manners, kindness, and benevolence of expression, together with the pretty child, soon wore off my prejudices. He informed me, that the day he

arrived at my cottage, he was going a journey through the wilderness, when he met with a party of Indians just returning from plundering and massacring a small neighbourhood of whites, about sixty miles distant. They were warm from their work of blood, and partly intoxicated; yet they knew him, and respected him as one who held communion with the Great Spirit. They were laden with plunder, with scalps, and the little girl. As soon as he met them the child stretched out her hands in supplication, and wept in the fulness of her grief. His heart was touched with pity. The strength of the little captive was nearly exhausted by hard usage; and he tried to purchase her of the Indians. They demanded fifty dollars as her ransom, and would not abate their demands. He had no property but his horse, and about twenty dollars, which had lately been sent to him from the north. He offers his money; but the savages refuse. He shows his watch and penknife. They saw it was all he had, and gave the child into his hands. She clung to him as to a parent, having no other earthly friend, her parents having fallen victims to the cruelty of the Indians. He was thus bearing this lamb rescued from the jaws of the wolves, when night and the storm came on, and overwhelmed him as I have described; for, just before reaching my house, his horse stumbled and was too feeble to rise.

"I was extremely interested in the situation of the missionary, and in that of the child, so young, so beautiful, so helpless. I could afford but poor accommodations to my guest during his sickness which followed, yet I never heard him complain, or utter a wish for anything better. He had been sick several days, when he one day called me to his bed, and told me he should probably never recover; and began to converse on the subject of religion. He had never mentioned the subject so directly to me before, though I had often heard him talking to the little girl as she leaned over his bed, and teaching her to pray. frankly told him that I was a firm and stanch universalist, and wished for no personal conversa-tion on religion. But his gentle and insinuating conversation took hold of me; and I finally consented coolly to give him my reasons for believing in universal salvation, and assured him that it was impossible for him or any other man to set them aside. 'God,' said I, 'is a merciful Being —is a Father to his creatures; and never made any beings for the purpose of damning them for ever. My reason and the light of nature teach me this.' 'Your reason and the light of nature,' said the good man, 'independently of the Bible, could never teach you whether or not the soul survived the body; much less, that it could be happy after death. As to your reason, that would

as soon teach you that a benevolent God should exclude all evil from his works, as that all will be happy in eternity. Now, your reason might teach you that a merciful God would not permit plagues to desolate cities, wars to ravage kingdoms, earthquakes to swallow up thousands—revenge and murder to fill the earth with devastation. But you see that all this takes place. As to your reason's saying that it is inconsistent with the benevolence of God to create beings in order to punish them, a child might make the same objection against the probability that a merciful judge would condemn a criminal to be hanged. The reason of the child is equally against this seeming cruelty. But the reason of a child cannot determine such matters; he cannot see all the bearings of laws and governments. So with regard to your reason in respect to the proceedings of God. You say God is a Father, and will not punish for ever. So is a good king a father to his people, and yet his very benevolence requires him to punish the guilty. Perhaps the inhabitants of the old world, and of Sodom and Gomorrah, argued in the same way, that because God was a Father, and was merciful, he would never fulfil his threatenings, and bury them, his children, in a flood, and in showers of fire and brimstone; and yet these threatenings were executed. As to God's not making men in order to destroy them, it is

equally true that he did not make angels to destroy them; and yet, when angels sinned and became devils, he thrust them down to hell. were created by a merciful God; they sinned; and they are to be punished for ever. Judas was created by the same Being; he sinned, and went to his own place, 'and it would have been better for him had he never been born.' Do not deceive yourself; there may be deception in your reason. The Bible declares that 'he that believeth not shall be damned.' All who are impenitent will be punished as long as they sin. If they sin a thousand years, they will be punished so long; if they sin for ever, they will be punished for ever. Now, unless you can prove that every one will certainly stop sinning under punishment in the world to come, do not be satisfied with a belief which may ruin the soul for ever.'

"It was by such arguments, and by a calm appeal to the Bible, that the foundations of my faith began to be shaken. But it was not till the old missionary was no more that I obtained the hope which I now cherish. He lived but a few weeks after this conversation. He was sensible of his approaching change, and spoke of it with great freedom. As his body grew more and more feeble, his mind seemed to become more clear and heavenly. The morning that he died, he called me to him—the little girl never forsook his bed-

side,—took my hand, pressed it, and said, 'In a few hours, my spirit will be gone, I trust, to my Saviour. I have laboured for him many years in this new part of the country; and though little known and little thought of, and though but a poor sinful creature, yet I hope my Saviour will pardon my many imperfections, and receive my departing spirit to himself. I have but a few words to say, for I am very low. I wish you to take good care of my faithful horse. You might think I should not mention him on such an occasion; but for many years he has been a faithful friend to me-sometimes for months together my only earthly friend. He is a good creature; take good care of him. I wish you would bury me under the great oak tree which stands on the bank of the river near by. Probably no one will ever know or inquire where my bones are laid. I must commit that pretty innocent child to your care: be a father to her, and she will ever love you and repay you by her gratitude. And now, my dear friend, only a word more:-make sure of your own salvation; lay aside all your false notions, repent of your sins, believe on the Saviour, and he will save you. I have prayed for you, and cannot but hope we shall meet in heaven.'

"He then called the child to him, who kissed him, and began to weep. 'Do not cry, my dear Harriet; though I should be glad to live for your sake, yet I am going to a better, a happier world. We have been acquainted but a short time, my dear, yet I have offered many prayers for you. Take my Bible and hymn-book, and keep them to remember me. It is all the legacy I can leave my dear Harriet. Take them, my girl—read them, pray over them, and God will bless you. Be a good girl, and this man will be your father: be a good child, and God will be your Father, and the Saviour will be your Friend. Pray for yourself, and live near to God, and we shall meet again, and be separated no more. Farewell, my dear Harriet, I cannot talk more—to God I commend you.'

"He ceased to speak, while the poor child wept as if her heart would break; and I wept too; but there was no need, for the good missionary was happy. Even with his last words he breathed out his soul to God; and I have no doubt ascended to heaven. He died so calmly, and with such a sweet smile on his face, that I did not know the exact time of his departure. We buried him under the oak tree, according to his wishes. You may see his grave in the morning. It is now almost level with the ground, and can hardly be noticed. My poor Harriet grieved as if her own father had died"

The cottager here ceased his history, put his hands before his face, and wept bitterly. His

frame shook, as if all the agonies of the past were again pressing upon him. After he had become somewhat calm, I asked where was now that interesting child, that little Harriet. "Ah, sir, she lies beside the missionary, under the oak tree!" and again he burst into tears; and I could now see and feel how lonely and how afflicted was the poor old man before me. I could almost anticipate the sequel, which he gave me as follows:—

"The little orphan was the loveliest flower you ever saw. As soon as the missionary was gone, she made me her father; and truly she was the best child in the world. I never shook off the impression made on my mind by the last words, and especially by the death of the missionary. I felt that my system would not enable me to meet death in such a way. For some weeks I was in great distress of mind; but finally, as I humbly trust, I gave my proud and sinful heart to God. After this I enjoyed myself very much. Harriet would read to me from her Bible, sing from her hymn-book; and then we used to pray together night and morning. I never knew any particular time when she is supposed to have been 'born again:' but that there was such a time I have no doubt. She was ever kind, dutiful, and ready to converse on the subject of piety-especially the last year of her life. Oh, sir, could you have seen her life and her death, you could not doubt

(579)

that she was a child of God. She was always very delicate as to health; but about nine months ago she had a cough commence. It was but a slight cough, but could not be removed. She gradually wasted away; but as every morning her cheeks were red, and her eyes bright, I did not suspect that the worm was already at her vitals. She was sensible of her situation, and did all in her power to give me consolation. When I



THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE

have sat and looked at her, and when neither dared to speak what we feared, she would turn the subject of our thoughts into some other channel, better fitted to prepare us for separation. I cannot now bear to tell you how she died,—it would overcome me too much. It will be enough to say, that she died as a Christian. Yesterday she was buried, and buried too as she desired: but I have told you that she lies by the side of the mission-

ary. Ah! I am left alone, old and desolate. But the will of God be done. We will go and see their graves in the morning."

"Let us go now," said I, and gave my arm to the old man. He led me to the spot. They were laid side by side. The river was murmuring at their feet. The great oak was spreading its branches over them. The leaves were falling around. One grave was fresh—one was grown over with moss. The old man leaned on my arm and wept.





## History of an Almanac.

EAR SIR,—I am induced to send you the following account of myself, partly out of gratitude for my education, and partly to excite your sympathy in behalf of my friends.

It was in the early part of last year that I bade you adieu, and with several of my brethren, travelled to a neighbouring state, under the protection of a venerable clergyman. All except myself were soon dispersed among his parishioners; but as no one wished for me, I was cast into a cupboard among a collection of old books, and the key turned upon me. Language fails to tell you how I felt when thus buried alive in the very morning of life, with the prospect of spending my brief existence shut out from society and from usefulness. It was poor consolation, that I could here meditate on the moral condition of

the world, and weep over its sorrows—I wanted to be doing something for its welfare. But my very heart beat for joy when my prison door opened one cold wintry morning, and the old minister requested a stranger to take me with him to the western country. The traveller seemed not overmuch pleased with the request, and very unceremoniously stuffed me into a large great-coat pocket, as if I were company that might disgrace him. The clergyman wished me success in trying to do good; and I saw him no more. After riding in my hiding-place nearly a thousand miles, I began to fear lest I was forgotten; and so indeed I suppose I was, for the man suddenly put his hand into his pocket, snatched me out, and threw me into the road. After my first surprise was over, I saw the man cast his eye over his shoulder to see what became of me;—he stopped, as if hesitating a moment, whistled to forget me,passed on, and I saw him no more.

For a while I lay fluttering and trembling lest my end had now certainly come; but I soon discovered a little white-headed, rosy-faced boy making towards me with great speed. He eagerly seized me, carried me home, and I once more found myself in human society. As soon as I entered the house, every eye was turned upon me, and every hand stretched out, so that I came near being torn in pieces before all had learned my

name. At length the father of the family, with an oath that made me shudder, demanded that I should be given to him. He eyed me through a huge pair of spectacles for a time, and then he began to ridicule my name, and then he called you, Mr. Editor, by many hard titles, which I dare not repeat. It seems that none of our family had ever been in the neighbourhood before, and I was looked upon as some "design of the priests," as they said. But as I faithfully told the family about the calendar, and some things about the weather, they · began to treat me with more civility. They even listened a while to my account of the labours of Christians throughout the world to do good; but they no sooner came to the letter from my brother, than they called the farmer there mentioned a fool, and cursed me most dreadfully for tempting people to be benevolent and good. This was Saturday night. The old man immediately sent me over to the "squire's" to see "what I was," as he said; though I really suppose it was because he was not willing to have me in his house over the Sabbath, lest I should see how he violated it.

The squire received me very politely, and the next morning took me into his office. But instead of conversing on some subject proper for the holy Sabbath, he would talk only about the weather, roads, dates, &c., and even set me to casting interest, and helping him to make out his accounts.

Now, though I could do all this with the utmost ease and accuracy, yet it grieved me to the heart to be forced to do it on the Sabbath. were soon interrupted by the entrance of several men-some on business-some going to a distant tavern-some about going to hunt or fish. I noticed, too, one red-faced-looking fellow, with one pocket full of cards, and the other weighed down with a bottle. His breath, too, was very disagreeable. As soon as they saw me, they sneered at me, and at the squire for having me; but he excused himself by saying I was none of his. of them, more civil than the rest, begged that I might be lent to his wife, as "she liked such sober things," as he expressed it, though he himself, as if afraid of their sneers, "cared not for these things." Accordingly, a clean, intelligent little boy was sent to carry me to his mother. The good woman received me with joy, and about noon sat down, with her children around her, to hear what I had to say. For many years had this woman lived here, deprived of the ordinances of religion. The Sabbath dawned upon her; but as it threw its light over her neat little cottage, it brought no Sabbath to her soul. Here she had lived, and often thought how she once, ere she left the home of her youth, used to mingle with the congregation as they went to the house of God to keep holy time; but for years she had listened to no "church-

going bell;" the sun had risen and set—the forest had bloomed and faded—seasons had come and gone-men had been born and had died, and she had seen wickedness only increasing. Often had she wept over her infant children, whom she had never been able to devote to God by baptism, and thought, as she pressed them to her cheerless heart, that a mother's care, and a mother's tears, could not keep them from being corrupted by the examples of those around her. No minister of Jesus had raised his voice, and warned "to flee from the wrath to come." Families around were ignorant, and many of their children were growing up without being able to read. Profaneness and intoxication were lamentably common. No less than nine different sects were to be found within a short distance, and all tenacious of their own peculiarities. I always noticed that when any one saw me, the first question he put was, "What religion are you of?" I uniformly answered in the words of the pious slave, "My religion is to cease to do evil and learn to do well;" and added, "What religion are you of?" At this they never knew what to say; either because I did not say that I belonged to one sect or another, or because they had placed their religion in the tenets of a denomination, and had never thought of the great principles of religion. They could dispute about religion, and quarrel about it, but did not live for

it. Besides this, infidelity had been creeping in, poisoning every fountain of hope and consolation. Errors like a flood had been sweeping through the region. But I am digressing.

It was about noon when this pious mother began to tell her children what I had to say. "Ma," said Martha, a pretty little girl of about ten years, "what are missionaries?" "Why, my dear, they are pious men who go to the heathen to preach the gospel to them, and to learn them to be good, that they may be happy when they die." "And the gospel," said Samuel, who was next younger than Martha-"the gospel is that which is in my Testament?" "It is-it is the word of God, which teaches the only way to be happy for ever, through Jesus Christ." "Well, ma," rejoined Martha, "what is heathen?" "The heathen, my dear child, are those people who have never heard the gospel preached to them; they know nothing about Jesus Christ, do not keep the holy Sabbath, do not love God, and I fear will not be happy when they die." "But, ma," said the little boy, "shan't we all be heathen too, if the good missionaries don't come and preach the gospel to us?"

The poor mother's heart was now too full;—she gazed a moment at her lovely children,—thought of their prospects,—clasped them to her heart, and wept aloud. At this moment a neighbour's boy came running in, saying that a mis-

sionary had just come into town, and was to preach in his father's house that afternoon. good woman now wept for joy, and the children too were glad, though they hardly knew wherefore. All soon went to the meeting, and left me alone. On their return, one of the children brought in his hands one of my brethren, whom the missionary had brought. His name was, "Remember the Sabbath-day." As soon as the children had laid aside their hats and bonnets, the father came in from hunting. He had scarcely put up his gun before his daughter was telling him of the meeting. the missionary, the little books, &c., &c., and begged him to read the tract. He took it, read its name slowly, "Remember the Sabbath-day," and turned To please his children, he proceeded. an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty had smitten his heart, and he could not proceed—he hesitated, choked, and burst into tears. left the room, weeping, and soon found her closet. He was under great convictions, for he had been a great sinner for a long time. I cannot describe all his repenting and sorrows; it is enough to say, that he believed in and loved the Saviour in a few weeks.

This missionary had come in the best of causes. He brought many of my brethren, who were distributed and lent from house to house. He himself preached and visited, and knocked at the door

of every heart. At first many mocked; others tried to draw him into a dispute about points of doctrines. But no :--he came there determined to know only Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Threatening did not move him; opposition did not stop him; derision did not cool his zeal. The gospel was his standard; by this was the heart tried. He appealed at once tenderly to the conscience; he prayed as if all depended on God; he laboured as if all depended on himself. God was with him. The Holy Spirit was poured out, and there was a revival of religion. I can stop only to tell you the change is great indeed. The Sabbath is now holy; profaneness is turned to prayer and praise; intemperance hides her head; infidelity is speechless; quarrels of neighbourhoods are no more; and "the desert buds and blossoms as the rose." A flourishing Sabbath school has been established, and plans are already forming to build a meeting-house and settle the missionary as their pastor. Nor is this all. I am now almost daily consulted relative to sending the gospel abroad; for pure religion "never seeketh her own" exclusively, and all regenerated hearts are here praying for the cause of missions at home and abroad. I can only add, that many of my younger brethren will find a welcome reception here; and that the people throughout the west are holding up their hands and begging the good people of

New England to send them the bread of life. They look back to the land of their fathers—they sigh over the moral desolations around them—they load every breeze with their cries for the word of life and the heralds of salvation. I could not witness this without telling you of what I have seen and heard.





## The Widow's Son.

"When care shall dim thy youthful eye,
And, one by one, the ties are broken
That bind thee to the earth, this kiss
Will linger yet—thy mother's token;
'Twill speak her changeless love for thee,
Speak what she strives in vain to tell,
The yearning of a parent's heart—
My only child, farewell, farewell!"

N one of our little villages which stands on the sea-shore, there lately lived a widow and her little son, a lad of about ten years of age. She had formerly seen better days. Her husband was a respectable sea-captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence. But amidst his own and the hopes of his family, he was lost at sea. The widow had two little sons,—one of six years old, and the other, above mentioned, then an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage, which stands by the water's side.

Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavoured to lead them "in the way they should go." She felt herself to be a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world was never designed for our home.

In this manner this little family lived, retired. beloved, and respected. The mother would often lead her children on the hard sandy beach, just as the setting sun was tipping the smooth blue waters with his last vellow tints. She would then tell them of their father who was gone, and, with her finger, would often write his name upon the sand; and as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are equally transient. When the eldest son had arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their voyages-of visiting other climes and other countries; and his imagination threw before him a thousand pleasures, could he visit The remonstrances and entreaties of a tender parent and an affectionate little brother were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and, receiving from her a Bible, a mother's blessing and prayers, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to God in prayer. A few tears and a few sighs escaped him, as he saw the last blue tints of his native land fade from his sight, for there was the cottage of his mother, and all the joys of his childhood. But all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot these pangs amidst other cares and other scenes. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible; but the sneers of the wicked crew recalled his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother, and he placed his Bible in the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience. During a severe storm, indeed, when it seemed as if destruction was vawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home, and his promises; and, in the anguish of his heart, resolved to amend should his life be spared. But when the storm had subsided, the seas were smooth, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises; and it now seemed as if the last throb of conscience was stifled. No one of the crew could be more profane, no one more ready to scoff at that religion which, in his childhood and innocence, he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years, he found himself once more drawing near his native land. He had traversed the globe over; but during all

this time he had neither written to his mother nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom thrilled with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his parent and brother. It was in the fall of the year that he returned; and, on a lovely eve in September, walked towards his long-deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country who have spent their early days in youthful retirement. As the young sailor drew near the spot where he spent his early days—as he ascended the last sloping hill which hid from his sight the little stage on which he had acted the first scenes in the drama of life, his memory recalled to his mind all the scenes of his "happier days," while fancy whispered deceitfully that hours equally agreeable would again be realized. He now saw the rising hills over which he had so often roamed-the grove through which he had so often wandered while it echoed with the music of the feathered tribe—the gentle stream, on whose banks he had so often sported-and the tall spire of the temple of Jehovah; -all tended to inspire the most interesting sensations. He drew near the cottage of his mother, and there all was stillness. Nothing was to be heard, save the gentlest murmurs of the unruffled waves, or the distant barking of a village dog. A

solemnity seemed to be breathed around him; and, as he stopped at his mother's door, his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked; but no one bade him enter. He called; but no answer was returned, save the echo of his own voice. It seemed like knocking at the door of a tomb. The nearest neighbour, hearing the noise, came, and found the youth



THE WIDOW'S SON.

sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door. "Where," cried he with eagerness—"where is my mother and my brother?—Oh, I hope they are not—"

"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for Widow —, I can only pity you. I have known her but a short time; but she was the best woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever about a year ago; and, in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for

a long absent son at sea, the good widow herself was buried yesterday."

"Alas!" cried the youth, "have I stayed just long enough to kill my mother? Wretch that I am! Show me the grave! I have a dagger in my bundle: let me die with my mother—my poor, broken-hearted parent!"

"Hold, friend!" said the astonished neighbour: "if you are this woman's eldest son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired that you might receive it, should you ever return."

They both turned from the cottage, and went to the house of the neighbour. A light being procured, the young man threw down his bundle and hat, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:—

"MY DEAREST, ONLY SON,—When this reaches you I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe that he was prepared. I had fondly hoped that I should once more have seen you on the shores of mortality; but this hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by my prayers through all your wanderings. Often, while you little suspected it, even in the dark, cold nights of winter, have I knelt for my lost son. There

is but one thing which gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to your Maker! I am too feeble to say more. My glass is run. As you visit the sods which cover my dust, oh, remember that you too must soon follow. Farewell: the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you, that we may meet above."

The young man's heart was melted on reading these few words from the parent whom he so tenderly loved; and I will only add, that this letter was the means, in the hands of God, of bringing this youth to a saving knowledge of the truth "as it is in Jesus;" that he is now a very respectable and pious man; and that we may learn, from daily experience as well as from Scripture, that "praying breath shall never be spent in vain."





## The Hemale Sufferer.

Where stood the distant mountain-cot,
With many trees surrounded;
And, wearied by our journey drear,
We found a welcome shelter here,
Where kindness e'er abounded.

Thick gloom enclosed the mountain's brow,
And not a star was shining now,
While winds were loudly howling:
The air was bleak and deadly cold,
The falling snow in sheets was rolled,
And wolves around were prowling.

We sat around the cottage hearth,
And told our names, our homes, and birth,
The evening hour beguiling;
But soon each tongue its prattle stilled,
And doubt and dread each bosom filled—
No face was longer smiling.

For every blast that whistled by
Was charged with sorrow's bitter cry,
And moans of human sighing;
We thought some wretch had lost his way,
And e'er the dawn of morrow's day
That stranger might be dying.

But fainter soon the shrieking grew,
And wilder still the night-wind blew,
While all was dark and cheerless,
And every sigh was hushed at last,
Or lost amid the raging blast,
Which swept along so fearless.

Then by the light our lanterns cast,
We quickly o'er the mountain passed,
To find the stranger weary:
We called aloud that help was near,
And bade the sufferer cease to fear;
But all was still and dreary.

Thus long we searched the mountain round,
And paused to catch the slightest sound
That on the breeze was stirring;
Then slowly back our steps retrace,
While silent speaks each pallid face
What each is now inferring.

Our dreams that night were sore distressed, For shrouded fiends before us pressed, Like shadows o'er a fountain; We heard their groans, we heard their cry, Begirt with snows we saw them lie, All freezing on the mountain.

'Twas morn: the howling storm had fled,
The sun around his glory shed,
The golden east forsaking;
And now again we search the hill,
While gloomy fears our bosoms fill,
And every heart is aching.

And soon, beside the leafless birch,
We find the object of our search—
A female calmly sleeping:
But cold and stiff was every part;
The chill of death had touched her heart,
And closed her eyes while weeping.

She near her breast had clasped her child,
That e'en in death so sweetly smiled,
We thought it still was breathing;
But pure and white as drifted snow,
The infant's blood had ceased to flow,
Its heart had ceased its beating!

We stood; we dropped a silent tear,
Then laid them on a fragile bier,
And down the hill descended:
We placed them in a peaceful grave,
Where weeping willows gently wave,
And where our sighs were blended!



## The Praying Widow's Son.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays."—Montgomery.

OT long since, while preaching to a small evangelical congregation which has been gathered from a community over which error and indifference to religion have long held dominion, I was struck with the appearance of a modest-looking young

man, whose eye and countenance most evidently showed that he was anything but indifferent to the subject of religion. So peculiar was his appearance, that I took occasion after meeting to inquire him out. The following simple statement was made to me, and may in every particular be relied upon as true.

He was born in one of our New England villages, where his mother now lives; and though he has not lived with her for years, still the dwelling of his mother has always been his home. From his childhood he has been a subject of deep interest and of unceasing prayer to his mother. Her instructions planted the seed of life in his heart while a child, and her hand wove many a restraint around his conscience, which, in later times, did much to hold him in check in a course of wickedness that would otherwise have been awfully great.

He had lived in different places, and at one time attended a Sabbath school, but has since said that he does not remember any distinct impression having been made on his mind or feelings while in the school. For the last two years he had lived in the place in which he now lives, and was employed in a manufactory. For the first year he professed to be a decided Unitarian. Not that he studied or thought on the subject, or was acquainted with the system; but though there was nothing tangible about it, yet he eagerly embraced it, as he could understand so much as this, that if it was too powerless to subdue his wicked passions, it was too kind to require him to do it. From the time of his embracing this system, so far as it was any system to him, his moral character grew worse and worse. What it

would have come to under it, cannot be known; for, about a year after this, a Universalist preacher came into town, and proclaimed those glad tidings of great joy which are so peculiarly acceptable to the wicked. He was bold, confident, noisy, headlong; and this was just what the young man wanted. There were still some ties which bound his conscience: but a few of these bold strokes cut them asunder, and permitted him to float off wherever the strong currents of a depraved heart might carry him. Here many a young man has found the rock on which he has split and been ruined for ever; and many a lonely widow is praying for her absent son,-but she would pray in still deeper agony, if she knew the dangers and the snares to which he is exposed. He became a decided, open, unblushing Universalist, and professed not to have a doubt but that God would treat the wicked and the evil as he will the righteous. Strong in youth, in health, heedless of the future, he did, what Satan himself never did,—he believed the doctrine of universal salvation. Great pains were taken to plant this tree in his heart, and it soon began to bring forth its legitimate fruits. He became violent against anything and everything that looked like a restraint upon the conscience. He could rail at the real disciples of Christ—he could blaspheme the name of their Master. The Word of God was

unreverenced and unread. The Sabbath was awfully profaned, and public worship was totally neglected, except now and then when he went to be confirmed in his views, and to take a deeper draught of poison. He loved and used ardent spirits almost without restraint. For the last two years he says he has used at least what cost him six cents every day, or twenty dollars a year, besides extra occasions, such as celebrations, and musters, and the like! What a tax! what would be said if we should call upon young men in the Church, who have nothing but their hands, to contribute as much to spread the gospel? nothing is so expensive as sin. The cup leads the way to the gambling-table, and this youth was soon associated with a company of equally choice spirits, and was very frequently at the gaming-board.

Thus he was awfully profane, a Sabbath-breaker, a hard drinker, a gambler,—and a believer in the doctrine that this course would place him in heaven as soon, perhaps sooner, than a holy life! He not only ran in this career without halting, but without a compunction. When he thought of his mother, it was to wish her present to hear his minister prove the doctrine of universal salvation, and pour out his ridicule, which like glowing lava would burn while it swept away all her notions. And why wish his mother a Univer-

salist? That she might be happier? No: but that when he returned to the home of his childhood, his conscience need not be disturbed by her affectionate admonitions! It was all the lowest kind of selfishness.

Some weeks since he had reached the spot at which conscience had ceased to upbraid or even to disturb him. It was not the calm slumber which is sometimes sent as a judicial punishment; but her voice had been drowned by the louder voice of passion—deep called unto deep—and every plunge in guilt gave courage and strength for a deeper plunge. After a week spent as usual, he went on Saturday evening, as he had very frequently done before, to the card-table. The companions were all merry—they drank, they gambled, they were profane, and they had all those feelings alive which usually flourish in a hot-bed of sin. They continued thus till nearly daybreak on Sabbath morning. The young man went to his lodgings, and threw himself on his bed to rest; but it was not there. For the first time for months, conscience came to her post, and her hands were filled with scourges. He had been as wicked before—he had trodden the very same path before, and there was no trouble. He rolled, he tossed himself, but in vain. Something seemed to take hold of his soul and hold it with the grasp of the grappling-iron. The character of God, the prospects of eternity, the wounds which he had given his mother, and the pains which he had been at to be able to "sin with a cart-rope," all rushed upon him with the strength of a torrent. He could not sleep—he did not try to pray, but tried to harden his heart. The morning came—the sun arose, and it seemed a long time ere meeting should begin. At the hour he was already in his seat, hoping and expecting that one discourse proving the salvation of all men would give him rest. The doctrine was asserted plainly, boldly, and proved in the usual way. It gave him no rest. The stings of conscience were no less frequent, and were increasingly severe.

At noon he wandered about, and at last went to the post-office. He found a letter directed by the hand of his widowed mother. It was written most evidently amid prayers and tears, and was the channel in which a mother had poured out her heart over a child who, as she feared, was ruined, poisoned at the heart! It was a "nail in a sure place." A giant hand could not have dealt a heavier blow. In the afternoon, for the first time, he was found seated among those who believe that there is a day of judgment, a heaven and a hell. For several weeks he was like the dumb man — trying to shake off convictions, trying to unite with his old associates, trying to

believe the doctrine of universal salvation, trying to persuade himself that religion is all a delusion, and that he was deluded. It would not do. God's time had come, and the Spirit of God was too strong for him. He renounced his religious belief, and was found in the meeting for religious inquiry, though by this time he understood so much of the wickedness of the heart as to be tremblingly afraid that there was no mercy for him. But renouncing his belief was but a small part; as soon as he saw the depravity of the heart, he renounced his practices, and became as much altered outwardly as inwardly. He is now indulging a hope that he knows what it is to taste the pardoning love of Christ. He is a new creature—emphatically so. His former companions shun him, fear him, wonder that the tongue which so lately could roll sin under it as a sweet morsel, and pour out torrents of blasphemy, can now sing the new song, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." They say that if this is religion, all ought to have it. But while they profess to doubt, they still go on in sin. speak of the trembling with which he looks back upon that pit from which his feet have been taken by an unseen and almighty Hand? Need I attempt to say what are the feelings which fill the widowed mother's heart as she rejoices over the son who was dead, but is alive?



## The Pastor's Baughter.

"O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted.
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!"—LONGFELLOW.

ERHAPS no country ever presents a more charming prospect to the man of

reflection than is seen in the southern part of New England, towards the close of May or the beginning of June. Those who have ever spent this season of the year in that part of the country need not that I should attempt to describe the loveliness of many of its natural scenes. The traveller is here often seen to stop his horse as he arrives at the top of an eminence, and, in a kind of giddy surprise, to throw his eyes around him on the little glens filled with the abodes of contentment and peace, and richly stored with the choicest gifts of Nature.

There is likewise something so exhilarating in the scenery, that the heart, not frozen by the cares of this life, must at times warm and throb with gratitude to the Author of all mercies. Before such scenes, too, will the soul of the Christian be raised to that world where every beauty is lasting and perfect.

It was at such a season of the year, at the close of a pleasant day, that I was slowly ascending a high hill as the clear red sun was setting with such a stillness as might attend his last adieu. From the top of the hill I could count the spires of several village churches rising among the thick trees; while just under its brow a most beautiful river was smoothly gliding between the luxuriant hills which stood on either side, till it reached the Sound, with which it mingled with a gentle murmur, as if unwilling to be swallowed in ob-On the banks of the river, below me, livion. stood a pleasant and quiet village, which seemed to unite activity with innocence and contentment. I rode slowly onward, now admiring the wisdom and goodness of God in the grandeur of the distant hills, or now gazing at the pencilled floweret, which seemed to wave its fragrant head in gratitude, or the little songsters that were pouring forth their last evening lays in praise, ere they betook themselves to rest. It was not long ere I approached the house of an aged clergyman, where I had en-

gaged to call. A plain neat house was pointed out as the residence of the minister; and it was not till I had loudly and repeatedly knocked that the door was opened by the venerable man himself. He received me with parental kindness of look, though a calm suppression of grief, and a finger placed upon the mouth, gave me to understand that he was now actually weighed down by unwonted sorrow.—"My only child, a daughter," said the good old man, "on whom I leaned for support in my old age, is now no more! It was this very morning that I was thanking God for the blessing of such a child to cheer me during the remainder of my pilgrimage here; but she too is taken away, that my heart may not be too strongly bound to earth. She was my all in this world; but she was the Lord's; and he to whom I had devoted her in baptism, and to whom she had lately given herself, has called her to himself. Oh, I ought not to lament that which is doubtless her gain; and I know

'There is a shore
Of better promise; and I know, at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet, in Christ, to part no more!'"

I was about to inquire into the particulars of his grief, and to offer the feeble consolation of earthly sympathy, when I saw the door-yard filling with a great number of people, who were bringing in the lifeless corpse of a beautiful girl of about sixteen years old. The venerable minister pointed to the group as an explanation of his sorrow. He covered his face with his handkerchief, but was refused the alleviation of tears. The collection of people consisted of most of the villagers, who had left their houses on hearing of the accident which I am relating. The young lady, whose lovely corpse was now placed in the entry of the house, had attempted that afternoon, in company with a companion, to cross the river on an errand of mercy to a poor sick family on the opposite shore. She was the subject of a late revival of religion, under the labours of her own beloved father; and she had now begun to exercise that benevolence in which the disciples of Jesus will be engaged for ever. The two young ladies were in a little skiff, under the direction of a man who was afterwards discovered to be somewhat intoxicated. By carelessness, or incapacity to act, he upset the boat in the deepest part of the river. The man and one of the girls saved themselves by clinging to the sides of the boat till assistance could arrive; but the lamented Eliza S---- was separated from the others. The still waters soon wrapped their liquid sheets around, and encircled her in their bosom. She

<sup>&</sup>quot;Fell in the weeping brook: her clothes spread wide, And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,

...Like a creature native and indued Unto that element; but long it could not be Till that her garments, heavy with their drink, Pulled the poor girl..... To muddy death!"

She made a few faint struggles, then softly sank, no more to rise. A few bubbles rose and broke on the surface of the water, just in time to inform those who had come to save, that her immortal spirit had for ever fled. They carried the body on shore, where every suggestion of medical aid was exhausted in vain endeavours to recall the cold clay to life. After the last hope of effecting this was over, her remains were brought by the feeling villagers to her father's house. And it was these remains at which we were now gazing. The countenance was still fair, and highly intelligent; and so composed that it seemed almost. impossible that the spirit should not be still slumbering within. We all gathered round, and all felt ourselves to be too near the grave not to be silent and solemn. The aged father leaned upon his cane as he bent over the cold form of his child; and though he did not weep, yet every one saw that his grief was too big for tears. He steadfastly gazed at the beautiful face of his Eliza, whom he had so tenderly loved, and who, he too well knew, could never more gladden his heart, or receive his blessing. His remembrance of the past, and his anticipation of the future,

seemed to struggle for ascendency over his feelings. He gazed—and though for a time he said not a word, yet I plainly saw that his every tie to earth was now severed; and his looks seemed to pray:

"Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid, melancholy frame;
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose;
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn!"

The hardy villagers looked upon their pastor as if they would willingly have taken a share of his grief, had it been possible, into their own bosoms; but they were too wise to attempt to offer any audible expressions of sympathy, for . they well knew that, at a time like this, few could ° do this with profit. The women stifled not their grief, but gave vent to their feelings in tears. The youth and children poured out, in the fulness of sobbings, the overflowings of their hearts; while the little child stood mute with astonishment, and seemed conscious that he was a witness of sorrow too big for utterance. The pastor had now so far exchanged the feelings of a father for that of the Christian, as to be able to speak, and inquired for "little Mary." "Here!" said a little girl of about eight years of age, who had been holding him by the skirts of the coat, and weeping as if her heart would break; "here I

am! O my dear Miss Eliza—my Miss Eliza!" The old man took her little hand within his, and



LITTLE MARY.

could then mingle his tears with hers. After giving vent to his feelings, he spoke with a calmness that was truly surprising. "Let us stop our crying, Mary. We cannot do Eliza any good, and she does not need our tears. She sleeps sweetly, and we should not mourn over her rest." "Asleep! and will she wake again?-oh, will she once more wake?" asked the weeping child with great eagerness. "She will wake again: at the morning of the resurrection she will awake from this sleep. Do you remember what she told you last spring?" "What, when she came to see my sick mother at the poor-house, and took me home and told me I might live with her, and she would never leave me?—Oh yes, I remember she told me how that God was a Father to good little children; and that all good people go to God when they die, and live with the angels in heaven. Oh, she told me this, and I know she has gone there. She was too good not to be with God; for she used every day to ask me to kneel down with her in her little room, and then she would pray to Jesus Christ for me. She is certainly gone to heaven. But what shall I do without her to teach me my lesson, and to tell me about God? Oh, my good, best friend is dead!"

"Not your best friend, my child. God is your best friend; and if you will give him your heart he will be your Father; and whenever you die you will go to him, and meet your friend Eliza too. You shall live with me while I live; and when I die, there will be one from under my roof to follow me to the grave.—And you," said he, turning to his affectionate congregation, who were almost all, to an individual, standing before him-"you will receive my sincere thanks for your kind sympathies in this hour of sadness. Though my heart is almost ready to burst with its pangs, yet I should be wanting in duty towards you, and towards my Master, should this opportunity pass without my urging its improvement. You are aware that, among all the doubts of hardened men, none have ever dared to deny that we are mortal. How often have we all been called to stand around the lifeless clay of our friends and neighbours; and as we conveyed

them to the cold mansions of the dead, how solemn has the voice come to our ears, 'Be ve also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh!' Who stands before me whose heart has never been touched with grief at the loss of friends? Where is the person who has never been called to weep at the departure of those who were dear? The mother, whose offspring perished from her bosom in the very bud of its existence—the parent, the child, the husband, the wife, have all alike seen the gates of the eternal world open, and their friends and neighbours pass out, never to return! We all know these warnings; we know that we must soon follow; and why can I not persuade you, my friends, to look beyond the verge of the grave, and even now begin to lay up treasures in heaven? Oh! do this, for you are immortal, and cannot cease to exist; do this, for you are probationers, and must one day die; do it, for your time is uncertain, and you may die soon. When this morning's sun arose, the corpse that is lying before me was in the flush of health, and bade fair to sojourn here for a long time to come; but she is gone, and has left us in this world till a few more rolling suns shall see us placed as low as herself. You will soon follow your pastor to yonder graveyard; for, besides the infirmities of age, I have an assurance within me that I shall

have but a few more opportunities to warn you to prepare for death. Consider, then, your being, your destiny, your characters, your lives, and see whither you are going. Let the voice of my dear child reach you as it issues from the shroud. 'Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." The good man ceased, for the multitude of feelings and thoughts which rushed upon him choked his utterance. But there was something in his calm and heavenly look, in his solemn and trembling voice, and in the attending circumstances, that made an impression upon his audience never to be effaced. We all were mute, as if listening to a voice from the world of spirits; and I presume no one will ever be free from impressions there received; and it is not unlikely that the great day of account will exhibit results of that occasion which were never imagined on earth.—On a cold autumnal day, but a short time since, I visited the graveyard of this village. I was alone, and the memory of the past came rapidly before me, as I saw the neat white marble raised over the sleeping dust of Eliza S----. Her father, too, was lying beside her; for he was right in predicting that his labours on earth were almost closed. The father and mother were here, waiting for the arrival of the great decisive day; and the daughter was lying between them. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths were not separated." I was sad while viewing the simple inscriptions on the stones, and not a little affected when I found the following lines on the tomb of Eliza, which appeared to have been etched with a penknife by her father ere he died:—

"Beneath this stone, so feebly reared, Eliza gently sleeps; Here shall the sighs of grief be heard,— For here a father weeps.

"Here rest, Eliza, free from pain, And free from mortal care: Parent and child will meet again, And wiped be every tear!"





## To the Sailor.

"VE seen the lightning cleave the pole;
I've heard the tempest round me roar;
I've seen the mountain-billow roll,
And dash upon the surging shore.

On the rude waves a ship was borne, Swift as the winds the ocean sweep; On a sharp rock the ship was torn, And sunk beneath the foaming deep.

And then I heard the shrieks of men
Commingling with their dying prayer;—
I listened still, and heard again
Nought but the tempest howling there.

The 'whelming wave had stopped their breath,
And quenched the flame which life had fed;
They struggled with the arm of death,
Then, wearied, sought their coral bed!

Oh! could their spirits ever sleep,
And perish with their mortal frame,
Then o'er that fate we'd cease to weep,
Which snatched them from a life of shame.



THE SHIPWRECK.

But, ah! they live, for ever live!
Plunged in abodes of gloom, they dwell
Where none release from pain can give,
Or break the iron gates of hell.

Storms will assail their harassed souls, Tempests of wrath, and quenchless fire, While round a burning ocean rolls, Kindled by God's relentless ire.

Oh, sailor! sailor! hear the voice
Which bids you know a Saviour's love—
Which bids you come and taste the joys
Felt by the holy throng above.

Know that a God has died for you,
And oped for you the gate of heaven;
Know that, for guilt of crimson hue,
Thou mayst repent and be forgiven.

Ah! should you drop the sorrowing tear O'er sins that blacken all your life, Then would you have no bolt to fear Amid the raging tempest's strife.

When gentle zephyrs softly blow,
Peace would reside within your breast;
And, 'mid the ocean's fervid glow,
Your soul in hope would sweetly rest.

Yours would be joys beyond the grave, Yours would be realms of bliss above, Where seas nor raging tempests rave, To break the calm of holy love.



The Mountain Cottage.

HE natural scenery of Scotland is celebrated wherever the name of that beautiful country is known. But after making all proper allowance for early prejudices, I believe that there are many parts of our own country whose scenery is inferior to none in the world. He who has stood on the heights of the Catskill, or admired the shores of our northern lakes, or wandered over the often abrupt and broken mountains which extend from Canada to Connecticut, or trod the sublime scenes which stretch along the great valley of Virginia, needs not to be informed how many and diversified are the natural beauties of our native land. Many of these scenes are at a great distance from each other; they have never been celebrated in story or song; they stand wild in their native dress, and too little known to be

admired. I confess myself an admirer of the sublime and beautiful works wrought by the fingers of Deity, and scattered over our land, whether exhibited in the wide world of waters as they leap down the cataract, or in the majestic river as it rolls its mighty burden of waters in silence through the lofty forest, or in the swelling hills and spreading vales, watered by a thousand rivulets.

For the purpose of enjoying some romantic scenery, on a warm afternoon in June I left the little village where I had been residing, for a solitary walk. It was in the southern part of New England, about a dozen miles from Long Island Sound. After roaming from hill to hill. now gazing at the fertile plains covered with the richest garments, and now looking at the dark blue waters at a distance, with here and there a white sail slowly moving upon their surface, I found myself among the wildest works of Nature. I had wandered over a mountain covered with timber of different kinds, so steep that it could with difficulty be climbed by seizing the bushes which grew on its sides, and now found myself in a gap between two ranges of steep mountains. Delayed on the hills in search of minerals, it was not till near sunset that I came into this gap, sometimes known by the name of the "Den." It is a fearful place, extending several miles, with

high and steep hills on each side, separated just wide enough to admit a foaming stream between them, while their dark shaggy tops seem to scowl, as if in disdain, at the waters that were dashing at their feet. The stream is dark and deep, now whirling in eddies ere it bounds and dashes over opposing rocks, and now silently and sullenly moving along, as if indignant at the obstacles which stand in its way. There was a little path along the side of the river, trodden chiefly by single persons, though sometimes passed by a team. Besides this, you could see no traces of The frowning pines sighed on the tops of the mountains, the rocks reared their eternal breastworks, the savage stream dashed along in its pride, and all around was solitude. It was just sunset; and there is an indescribable stillness attending the setting of a summer's sun, which every feeling bosom notices. He threw a veil of gold over the heads of the aged pines on the hills at my left, and sank with a stillness that seemed like a stop in the wheels of nature. It seemed as if the wild flood murmured with a less hoarse voice at this moment, and the heron on its banks forgot his screaming. I might not have remembered this moment, had it not in a measure prepared me for what followed.

About a mile from the entrance of the "Den" was a little opening on the side of the eastern

mountain, and nearly half-way up its summit stood a small but neat cottage. It was in the midst of woods, save a place cleared around it for a little barn, a garden, a sheep-cot, and the little winding path which led to the door. The small habitation, the garden, &c., were not only neat and in good repair, but I noticed that they even had something like ornament, for a lovely honeysuckle was creeping over the mossy roof, and some beautiful flowers were waving in the garden. Though somewhat surprised at seeing these signs of life, I soon recollected that this must be the habitation of James Orwell, "the mountain cottager," whose character I had lately learned, and in whose history I had taken a lively interest.

James Orwell, whose house I was now approaching, was a native of Scotland. He had come to this country some fifty years before, in the hope of becoming rich. This country was then new, and he had but little experience that was of any value. During the revolutionary war, he had a little shop in a village near the sea, where he traded on a small scale. He had acquired a pretty property, when the village was burned by the enemy, and in an hour he lost all his earnings. This stroke was heavy to one who had placed his whole heart upon property, and the more so as it was unexpected. For a time,

he was cheered with the hope of remuneration by government; but this hope was soon dashed, and he was discouraged. He gradually became morose and disgusted with mankind; and with a wife whom he had lately married, and an infant son, he retired to the lowly retreat where his cottage now stands. Here he had lived unmolested for more than twenty years, having little to do with the world, save when he went to the neighbouring village once a fortnight, to dispose of the wooden dishes which he made at home. He was unsocial and rather repulsive during all this time. But about three years ago his wife was suddenly taken sick, and in a few days died. At the time this event took place there was a revival of religion in the next village. The old man invited the neighbouring minister to attend the funeral of his wife. It was then that the minister endeavoured to soften and sympathize with him; and there are but few whose hearts will not soften at such a season. He gradually gained his confidence, and more gradually drew his attention to the great subject of personal religion. At the time of his wife's death, the old man had an only daughter with him, then about fourteen years of age. His only son had the restless disposition of his father; and at the age of fifteen had left his home and gone to sea. Before the close of the revival, the good pastor had the pleasure of

numbering the hardy Orwell and his daughter among the subjects of the work, and of rejoicing that these sheep upon the mountains were gathered unto the fold of Christ. From this time the appearance of the old man was greatly altered. Instead of sauntering over the hills on the Sabbath, and selecting the best maple-trees of which to make his wooden dishes, he was now seen going regularly to the village church with his cheerful daughter hanging on his arm. Every Lord's-day he was seen in season at his seat, dressed in his threadbare drab coat, with his silvery hair hanging in ringlets over his shoulders. His neck was surrounded by a red silk handkerchief; a black vest and pantaloons, and a smooth-worn cane, completed his dress. As the people saw how great was the change in the old man, how devout was his attention to the duties of religion, and saw his daughter sitting by him, and both mingling their notes of praise in the sanctuary, they all felt that there must be something in religion. I said that from the time of the death of his wife. the old man and daughter were both regularly seen in their humble seats on the Sabbath; but for a few Sabbaths previous to my visit at the cottage, they had both been missing; and the reason was known-because the daughter had been too unwell to go out.

Possessing naturally a slender constitution, she

had of late been drooping; and people of the village who loved her much on account of her many amiable qualities, all shook their heads with a sigh, and declared they feared that she was not long for this world. Her first symptoms were those of a cold; but it was soon discovered that she had a fixed cough; and the little burning hectic spot which played over her cheek in the early part of the day told that the worm of disease was preving at the vitals. Yet this mountain floweret was wasting so gradually that many of her friends hoped it would recover and flourish. The father looked upon the decaying form of his child, and saw that her days were marked by the finger of death, and that she could not pass their limits. From the hour of her close confinement, he scarcely ever left the side of her bed; as if by paternal kindness he wished to ease the last moments of the spirit which he could not detain. The daughter saw that she could not live; but she looked upon the disease, which was fast conquering the body, as a deliverer who was to lead her from captivity to glory. When her father was by, she was cheerful and apparently composed; yet when he was absent, a tear was often seen to stand in her eye, as she looked out of her window upon her little garden before the house, and thought how lonely she should leave her poor father. The father, too, seemed occasionally to

have the same reflections, as he gazed upon the sunken face of his child with an earnestness that showed how much he felt.

They talked of their little earthly plans, as if each was unwilling to realize that they were soon to be separated. Thus week after week went by, every hour of which left the few moments of her life still fewer, till the afternoon on which I visited them, when it was believed that her last hour had come.

Thus much I knew of the inhabitants of this little dwelling ere I entered it. On entering, I found the daughter lying in one corner of one of the two small rooms which the house contained, on a neat small bed, at the foot of which sat the disconsolate father. The good clergyman was sitting at its head. After a needless apology for my intrusion, I became a silent spectator, and felt how great was the privilege. The pastor was in close conversation with this lamb of his flock which was about to leave him, and he was conversing about her departure. When he ceased, there was silence for a few minutes.

"Just raise my head," said the dying girl, "and let me look out of my little window once more." Then turning to her minister, she said with feeling, "Notwithstanding our troubles, there are many delights in our world. There is my poor flower-garden—it will soon be grown over

with weeds; there is the river—it will continue to run and murmur as if I were here. I hoped I should have seen the sun once more before he set; but he is already behind the mountain. Then there are my two poor pet lambs that I have fed so long-poor things, they will not have any one to love them, and take care of them, as I have done. Oh, it is hard to leave all these, but hardest of all to leave my poor father! Oh, what will he do when I am gone-who will take care of him when he is sick, and love him as I can? Oh, my dear father, I hoped that I should do all this, and repay some of the many, many kindnesses I have received from you! But the will of God be done!" "I pray that it may be," said the old man, "though I am stripped of all my earthly comforts. But compose yourself, my dear child, God will provide for me while I stay; it will not be long before I follow you-I am almost ready to be taken. I thought that I could never meet this hour; but God gives me strength according to my day."-"Your father shall never suffer," said the minister, "and God will deal kindly towards him. You are exhausted, and had better be quiet a while."

"But, father, I had forgotten one thing—it is my poor brother Henry: he may not be alive now; and if he is, he is not thinking of us. I cannot remember much about him, but I have

often prayed that he might return to you in your old age—that we might both live to see him: but more have I prayed that God would make this wanderer his child. Should be ever return I wish you to give him my Bible and hymn-book -there they are—they both have his sister's name in them. Tell him that it was my dying request that he would read those places where the leaves are turned down; and tell him that he was made for eternity—to repent, and prepare to follow me. Oh that we might all meet in heaven! -Now, Mr. S-, I wish you would pray with me, for I am almost gone: pray for my poor brother, for my father, that my brother who is far away might return to him. Oh, pray that Christ would receive my soul, for I have done with earth."

The clergyman opened the Bible, and read that consoling portion of Scripture which is recorded in the fourteenth chapter of John. We then knelt by the bedside, and he fervently addressed the throne of mercy.

While we were engaged in this sacred duty, the door softly turned upon its hinges, and a fine, well-dressed young man came in. He looked wild at first; but by the time the prayer was finished, the whole scene before him was fully explained. We arose from our knees, and no one spoke. The stranger was standing and gazing in

a kind of stupid surprise: he looked at the old man, and then at the daughter—and his eyes filled with tears.

"It is my Henry," said the old man, stretching out his aged arms, and unable to rise. "My father, do you live; and do you yet remember me?"—and in a moment he was in his father's The sister gave a hectic sob, and fainted away; but when she revived, her hand was within that of her brother. "My dear Charlotte. I did not expect to find you so sick; but we will nurse you up, and you will be well again in a few days." "You deceive yourself, my dear Henry; I have but a short time to live. But I am glad to see your face once more. Oh, I feel that I have now a new tie to bind me to earth; but it must be broken. Oh, Henry, it would be a dreadful thing to die but for the hope that I am a Christian, and the Christian can never die. How long is it since you left us, Henry?" "It is six years this spring. You were then a little girl, and I hoped when I kissed you and my poor mother, when we parted, that we should all meet again; but one is gone, and my sister is just going, and I must still be a stranger below-and friendless," "Not friendless, Henry, if you put your trust in God; he will be your friend, and we shall all meet again in heaven." "It is all the hope I have left, my sister!" "It is! then are you a Christian, Henry?" "I am a great sinner, and a poor Christian." "You are? Oh, Henry, how happy shall I die! But I wish you to promise me one thing; promise that you will stay at home and take care of our poor father, after I am gone." "I will." "Now," said the fainting sister, "am I happy. But, Mr. S——," said she, turning to the minister, "will friends in heaven know each other? It seems as if I shall want to know my brother more." "We shall all be happy, and be as the angels in heaven," said the minister.

"Tell me, brother, where and how you became a Christian; for I greatly desire to know."

We all drew our chairs near the bed as the young man related the various situations in which he had been placed since he left his father's dwelling. How he had been a very wicked wanderer from one part of the world to another, alike regardless of home and his Maker; how at length he met with a missionary in the East, who had taken great pains to instruct him, and by whose means he had been brought to reflect on his ways and prospects. This missionary had given him a Bible, which had been his constant companion ever since. After his hopeful conversion, he had made several profitable voyages, and had brought home his wages to his poor parents, to comfort them in their age. He had not heard anything

from them since he left the little cot on the mountain; but often as he sat at the top of the mast, or clung to the yards, had he prayed earnestly for his friends at home. He concluded his interesting narrative with many tears, partly out of joy that he had been so distinguished by the mercy of God, and partly out of sorrow that he had found none to comfort but his aged father. We were greatly affected at his narration; but still more so as we turned to the dying Charlotte. A smile of joy and hope was still playing over her features, but her heart had ceased its throbbings and was cold in death. She had listened to her brother's voice till the blood ceased to flow in her veins; and so peacefully did her spirit leave its tenement, that we knew not the moment of its departure. We saw the body calm and placid, as if laid in slumbers, while the soul had gone to its everlasting rest.





## The Orphan.

"Upon my father's new-closed grave
Deep lay the winter's snow:
Green now the grass waves o'er his head,
And tall the tomb-weeds grow.
Along life's road no parent's hand
My homeless footsteps led;
No mother's arm in sickness soothed,
And raised my throbbing head."—Grahame.

was on a pleasant summer's eve that the pastor of one of our New England villages was taking his usual walk after spending the day in study. He was a good old man, and had long been faithful to the beloved people of his charge. He had been a successful labourer in the cause of his Master, till his head had become silvered, and his tottering frame needed the support of a staff. The sun had already sunk in the west, and was pouring his last rays into the golden sky, as the pastor entered the village graveyard.

There is something in this hour of the day that

gives a pleasing melancholy to the soul, which, added to the place in which he was walking, was peculiarly adapted to assist the holy man in his meditations, and, if need be, to raise his thoughts from this world, and to place them on that which he felt was his home. The good man was pressing beneath his softly trembling steps the sods which covered many of his beloved parishioners, when he came to the spot where lay his wife and three beautiful daughters, whose loveliness, like the opening rose, was blasted ere it was fully exhibited. The pastor leaned on his staff and bent over these graves, and was just marking out by their side the spot where he hoped shortly to lie in peace, when he was startled by hearing the sobs of a child. He turned, and, at a little distance, beheld a lovely little white-headed boy, who was kneeling and sobbing over the grave of his father, whose ashes had lately been deposited beneath. With a melting heart the good shepherd approached the child of his friend, and with the tenderness of a father he raised and kissed this orphan lamb of his flock, whose face was pallid with grief, and whose bright blue eyes were swollen by weeping. He sat down beside the grave, and pressed the weeping boy to his bosom.

"O sir," said the child, "let me cry for my father—he lies deep in that grave. They tell me he will never again be my father. I fear that I

have offended him, that he will no more be my father; and I want to ask him to forgive me, and to kiss me as he used to do! Oh if he would once more be my father, I would never again offend him. But they say he is dead! Oh, I would sit here and cry all night—I would never stop if my poor father would come to me! But he will not come. For, a few days before they put him into this hole, he told me—oh, I do remember it—he told me that he was going to leave me, and that I should never have a father any more; and he stroked my hair with his sick hand, and he told me that when he was buried in the ground I must be a good boy and love God. Oh, my poor good father!"

The feeling pastor pressed the hand of the sorrowing child within his, and ere he could answer him he had wet with his tears the silken hair of the orphan. His first object was to soothe him into confidence, and then to direct him to a Father who would never forsake him. With patience he satisfied his curiosity respecting death—how it is a long sleep, but that the voice of God will one day awake even the dead. He told him how death was introduced into the world, and made him understand that it was the consequence of sin. He explained to him the natural depravity of the heart—how we, "like sheep, have all gone astray." He laboured to impress upon him a cor-

rect view of the character of God—his attributes of love, mercy, justice, &c., and then explained how we might be saved by Jesus Christ. He next strove deeply to impress upon the listening boy what is "the chief end of man;" and thus concluded, while his little hearer seemed to hang upon his lips: "And now, my dear little boy, you have indeed lost a tender father; but I have been trying to point you to a Father who has promised never to forsake the poor orphan."

"But," says the child, "what is it to be an orphan?"

"It is to be left destitute of parents while we are yet children."

"Oh yes; but what is a poor orphan?"

The clergyman was affected, but replied, "It is a child who is left destitute of property as well as parents."

"Oh, I wish," said the child, in the simplicity of his heart—"I wish that I was a poor orphan, if God would be my father."

The good minister wept; for he knew that the child's wish respecting property would be fully satisfied.

"I trust, my dear child, that God will be your father. You know how short are our lives—how certain our death—how much we have to do to prepare for death—and how we should devote our lives to God, that we may meet death with peace.

I hope you will not only be good, and live so as to meet your poor father in heaven, but I hope your life will be spent in trying to do good to others."

The clergyman held the hand of the child, and they knelt in prayer on the grave. The petition was that God would provide for the little orphan. It was now dark, except what light was afforded by the bright twinkling of the stars. As they



THE ORPHAN.

left the graveyard, the shepherd directed the attention of his lamb to these wonderful works of God, and his heart beat with joy when he exclaimed, "My Father made them all."

He led the orphan to his place of residence, soothed his grief, assuaged his sorrows, and determined to adopt and make him his child. But God determined otherwise. The faithful pastor was soon after laid upon the bed of death; and

from the chamber which had for many years been the witness of the piety of his heart, and which was "privileged above the common walks of virtuous life," his spirit, as we trust, flew from the snares, the corruptions, and the sins of this transitory world, and found a shelter in the bosom of his Redeemer—and left the child a second time an orphan.

At the death of the clergyman, the little boy was thrown upon the wide world with but few friends. His patron was dead, and he was forgotten. Many who saw, felt compassion for him. They saw sorrow often brooding over his countenance, and the big tear often gush from his eyes; they saw and pitied—"hoped he would be provided for," and left him as they found him. But it should be a matter of consolation to dying parents that there is One who heareth even the "young ravens when they cry," and will provide for the fatherless.

I have only to add, that to the subject of this narrative God was ever near. He was placed in many different situations, passed through many trials, but was ever protected by the tender mercy of God. At the age of sixteen it is believed that he experienced the operations of the Spirit of God upon his heart. He thought of his interview with the good clergyman, and of his advice, his prayers, and his wishes; and he dedicated his life

to the service of God. The hand of charity was extended. He is now a member of one of our most respectable colleges; and it is hoped and believed that this orphan may hereafter be known as a missionary of the Cross in some heathen land, where he has determined to spend his days.





## At the Beath of an Aged Clergyman.

ONG he trod the desert dreary,
Long he sighed for sweet repose;
Nought could cheer him, wandering
weary,

Like the sight of Sharon's Rose; And its sweetness

Did his fainting soul compose.

Long he hoped the day was breaking, And his Saviour near at hand, When his soul, its clay forsaking, Should mount up to Canaan's land,—

There triumphant Bow amid the angel band.

Here the seed he scattered, weeping; Here the sheaves around him stood; Now his eyes in death are sleeping, Now his spirit dwells with God:

May his mantle
O'er this flock be spread abroad.

Now he hails the happy dawning Where the Sun pours forth his light; Now he drinks the beams of morning Where the day shall know no night.

Ransomed pilgrim!

Tears no more shall dim thy sight.

God of mercy, high and glorious,
Lead us to that fount above!
Where he's gone, o'er sin victorious,
Let us come and share thy love—
Where our Father
Shall no more from us remove.





## Little Lewis.

Dear to me the loud Amen
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again.
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

ANY years ago I opened a Sabbath school in a distant neglected neighbourhood, yet within the limits of the town. At first the project was greatly ridiculed, and many opposed. But ridicule and opposition soon gave way to a good and in a short time I had seventy scholars.

cause, and in a short time I had seventy scholars. The room in which we met was an unfinished chamber of a poor lame woman—the only place that was offered. The floor was not nailed down, and neither ceiling nor plaster had ever been seen in the chamber. The chimney passed up in the centre, and the bare rafters were over our heads.

Yet never did I see brighter or happier faces than among the little groups which I regularly met. They lived so far from any church or chapel that few could attend, or rather their parents felt too indifferent to carry them; so that their Sabbath school embraced all that was Sabbath to them. It is now many years since, and I suppose they have all grown up, or have been removed into eternity ere this time; but I can never forget this, my first Sabbath school, nor the happy countenances which composed it.

One hot Sabbath I had walked out to meet my Sabbath school, and at the close of the lessons I felt weary and unwell. The children were expecting me to give them a history of the holy Sabbath from its first appointment, and to tell them why God appointed it, and what are our duties in regard to it; for so I had promised them, and had in fact prepared myself to do it. But being weary and unwell, I told them that for these reasons I would defer it till the next Sabbath. While thus putting it off, I noticed a a bright little boy sitting near me, who seemed to look disappointed. He had expected to hear about the holy Sabbath. Oh, had I remembered how Christ taught the poor woman of Samaria, though he was weary and faint, should I not have done differently?

The next Sabbath came, and my school were

again coming together. On arriving at the house, instead of finding them all quiet in their seats as usual, I found them standing around the door, some sobbing, others looking frightened—all silent. On inquiry, they told me that "Little Lewis —— had just been killed by the mill!" This was all they knew about it. At the head of my little flock, I hastened to the house where the little boy lived. At the door I was met by the father of the child, wringing his hands, his face red and swollen, his eyes sunken and glaring, and his breath loaded with the fumes of ardent spirits.

"Oh!" cried the man, "I might have known it. I might have known it all!"

"Might have known what, sir?"

"Oh, I might have known that to-day one of my family must go. But I did not think—could not think it must be my youngest boy!"

"Pray, how might you have known that one must die to-day?"

"Why, when I came home last evening, old Rover," pointing to a stupid old dog that lay crouched under the table, "sat on the door-steps, with his face to the east, howling and howling. I knew then that some one—or I might have known that some one—must go to-day; but I did not think it must be poor little Lewis!"

"Do you believe there is a God?"

"Oh yes, I have no doubt of it."

"And do you suppose he reveals events to a dog, a creature without a soul, and without reason, which he does not reveal to the wisest of men? Nothing is more common than for a dog to howl when his master is gone, and he feels lonely; and as to his face being towards the east, I see nothing strange in that, since your house faces the east."

"Ah! you may say so; but I might have known it would come." And again he turned away to sob, and, I fear, to drink, and then wonder over his being more stupid than his dog.

I led my scholars into the room. They seemed to breathe only from the top of their lungs. I lifted up the white napkin, and there was little Lewis, a mangled corpse! The children were all hushed as we gazed. The little girls covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and aprons. The little boys wiped their eyes with their hands and with the sleeves of their jackets.

For some weeks it had been very dry, and the streams had become low. But during the preceding day and night a heavy rain had fallen. A mill, on a small stream near by, which had stood still for some time for want of water, was set in motion early on Sabbath morning. I need not ask if the miller feared God.

About an hour before the Sabbath school usually came together, little Lewis went down to the mill-

stream to bathe. The poor boy had never seen his parents keep the Sabbath holy. He swam out into the stream. The current was strong, too strong for him; he raised the cry of distress; the miller heard him and saw him, but was too much frightened to do anything. The current swept along, the little boy struggled, again cried for help—the waters rushed on—he was sucked down under the gate—the great mill-wheel rolled round—crash!—he was in a moment crushed and dead! Scarcely had his last cry reached the ears of the miller before his mangled corpse came out from under the wheel. It was the same little boy who had looked so disappointed on the last Sabbath, because I omitted to talk about the holy Sabbath!

While standing beside the lifeless clay of this fair child, with all the children around me, my feelings were sad indeed. It seemed as if every child would cry out, "Oh, had you kept your word, and told us about breaking the Sabbath, he would not have gone into the water—he would not have lain there dead!" It seemed as if the lips, though sealed by the hand of death, would open and reproach me. "Had I not put off my duty, probably this life would have been saved—perhaps an undying soul would have been saved from the guilt of being the everlasting enemy of God. What sacrifices would I not make could that child once more come into my Sabbath

- school!" Such were my thoughts. I have never been able to look back upon that scene without keen anguish. I have sometimes mentioned it to Sabbath-school teachers, and by it urged them never to put off till the next Sabbath any duty which can be performed on this. And since I have been a minister, when I have felt weary and feeble, and tempted to put off some duty to a more convenient season, I have recalled that scene to my mind. And truly thankful shall I feel in the great judgment day, if you, my dear children, will learn from this simple story two things:—
- 1. To remember and keep holy the Sabbathday. Had that dear child only obeyed this one short text, he might not have been called to the presence of God while in the very act of sin.

"This day belongs to God alone: He makes the Sabbath for his own; And we must neither work nor play Upon God's holy Sabbath-day!

"Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Or else we never should have thought
About his worship as we ought.

"And every Sabbath should be passed As if we knew it were our last; For what would dying people give To have one Sabbath more to live?"

2. Never to put off any duty, or any opportunity to do good, because you do not like doing it now. You may never have the opportunity again.

Should you live and grow up, I have no doubt that you will be prospered and happy, that you will be respected and useful, very much as you keep the Sabbath. God will honour those who honour him. He does not ask us to attend his house for nothing. Christ is there, waiting to receive you. Think what he has done and suffered for you. Think how he loves you; and will not you love and serve him, and ask him to give you the blessings of this life and of that which is to come? My dear children, may all these great mercies be yours. Amen.





The Summer Evening Pream.

HERE are moments in the life of every one whose soul is not completely enshrouded in selfishness, when the situation of others cannot but rouse the attention and call up the deepest feelings of the heart. The wants, the woes, and the sorrows of our fellowbeings must at times turn aside the attention so commonly engrossed by insignificant self, and make us feel that even our sympathies and commiserations are needed, and that a part of the field of humanity is to be trodden by us. We are naturally so inclined to listen to the whispers of selfishness, that it is only now and then that the miseries of others break in upon us, as the mighty waterspout bursts before the vision of the astonished mariner, and immediately disappears and is forgotten.

Towards the close of the last summer, I was led

by a friend through one of our largest cities, to view its situation, its greatness, and whatever else would tend to gratify the curiosity or afford instruction to the visitor. Without ceremony, we wandered wherever our fancy guided; beheld many superb buildings, adorned by the fingers of art—the costly magnificence of pride—and the small and filthy cells of hopeless poverty. We gazed at those whom we beheld charioted in splendour, and stared at the thoughtless visage of the hooting chimney-sweeps. We saw much wealth—many abusing it—many needing it—many grasping after it—and all desiring it.

After rambling all day through the crowded streets, I was glad to find myself alone, just at eve, on a gentle elevation without and above the city, calmly sitting under the shade of a beautiful ever-The soft stillness of a summer's eve was now sighing over me, and I gazed at the city below as at a spot from which I was every way separated. The business of the day was now over; the streets were now thronged with the multitudes who, after the toils of the day, were retiring to their respective abodes; the rumblings of the noisy carts were ceasing; and it seemed as if the pulse of the population were about ceasing to beat. The shades of the evening soon began to spread over the city, and its murmurs were becoming less and less distinct, as it faded in dimness from my

eyes; and during the sleep into which I fell, the following picture passed before my vision.

I thought myself still sitting in the same spot, and, in broad daylight, once more threw my eyes upon the city before me. I could now not only see each of the busy population, but seemed also to possess a clear knowledge of the motives from which each individual acted. The streets were once more crowded to excess, and each pushed his way onward as if his life depended upon his own exertions. All classes were busy, and all laboured with a zeal that would have honoured the best of causes. In one place I saw a group of merchants pacing the place of exchange with agitated steps. Here and there among them I noticed a face that seemed calm and placid; but looking at the heart, I perceived that this was only a mask assumed to deceive his creditors, and that this person was about to be ruined. Here, too, was another merchant, who seemed to move with an uncommon share of self-complacency, and for a moment I thought he must be happy. But another glance convinced me that this could not be; for he was one of those who can smile at misery—whose hand can wring the bosom of poverty—whose heart is corroded with covetousness—whose love is concentrated upon his gold-and who adores no power but his riches.

On turning to another part of the city, I saw

a collection of men who, by their vociferations and noisy revelry, I knew must be sailors. These had many times been in danger, and when they saw immediate destruction opening before them, they cried to their Maker and were relieved. Often in their distress had they prayed to the Ruler of the waves, and were preserved; and they were now calling down the vengeance of that same Power by their oaths and blasphemy; and it seemed as if the men who had often seen the greatest displays of the power of the Almighty, were eager to be foremost in awaking the sleeping wrath of Heaven. They had often sailed over the beds of the deep, and on the mountain-waves outrode the mightiest storms—for the arm of God upheld them; but they had forgotten these mercies, and they rejoiced to place themselves in the grade of brutes. Gaiety was indeed written on their foreheads, but the "way of peace" was to them wholly unknown. They were fast drowning the last whispers of conscience, and they will then be lulled to sleep, to wake no more till they wake pillowed beneath the waves of everlasting despair.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various abominations practised by the inhabitants of this city—the sight of which must have moistened any eye, must have sickened any heart. I saw thousands before me who were seeking for self-gratification with the same eagerness that man

should seek for immortality. Some bowed before riches, which were soon to take wings and fly away. Some prided themselves on elegant houses built by fraud; some on richness of dress, which covered aching hearts. Some were governed by passions too low for brutes. All were grasping at the shadows of time; all were treading on forbidden ground! Had this been a city in a heathen land, I should not have wondered; but it was not, it was illumined by the light of Heaven. The Bible lay before them unopened, till they might have written their own condemnations in the dust which covered it. In short, they were all gone astray, and there seemed no wickedness too foul for practice, no contempt of Heaven too open. The streams of sin were thickening as they rolled through every street, and it appeared as if the mass of pollution was too great ever to be removed. My attention was now drawn to another The patience of Heaven was exhausted, and He whose is vengeance was about to bestow On a sudden a dark black cloud recompense. began to gather over the city, and I now supposed that the breath of the Eternal would soon destroy a place so wicked. But it was surprising to witness the conduct of the citizens as they beheld this storm of wrath gathering over them. They sang, they danced, they invented amusements of every sort to lull them to rest, though they knew

they were treading on the confines of destruction. The cloud of vengeance had now nearly overspread the whole city, and enveloped most of it in total darkness. Those slow curling clouds of blackness, now torn asunder by the burstings of thunders, now riven by intense flashes of lightning, plainly showed that the wrath of the Almighty was fully roused, which in a moment might place thousands of immortal beings in a world of misery.

Trembling with anxiety, I gazed and expected every moment to see the bursting of this storm. and to hear the last groans of a city buried in ruins. But I was disappointed; for a few men, whom I had not before observed, retired into a secret corner, and there prayed to God that he would avert his threatening wrath. These were a small company of pilgrims who had been so mingled with the world as almost to have forgotten their real characters. Their first business was to repent of their own sins—to mourn over their shortcomings in duty, and to humble themselves before their incensed Maker. They then prayed in the name of the Saviour of sinners, both for themselves and for their city; and their Father heard their supplications. The clouds of darkness now began to disperse, and mercy once more took the place of judgment. The murky sky once more became serene and beautiful. Not only so, but s the storm cleared away, the Dove of heaven flew on the wings of love, and carried salvation to the city. The bells were now ringing, and the multitudes rushed to the courts of God—some with songs of eternal joy, others with hearts of contrition. Oaths and blasphemy were exchanged for praises and thanksgivings. Every heart became a temple for the Holy Ghost, and all gathered round one common altar, and the offerings of every heart mingled and rose to heaven in one united column. Misery and wretchedness fled from the city, and the shouts of redeeming love took the place of the cries of woe and despair.

"This," thought I, "this is a revival of religion—a revival of religion!"—and I awoke! The beauties of the evening were all spread around me. The heavens were clear and sparkling—the oars at a distance broke the still surface of the water which lay just below me—the city of which I had been thinking was glimmering with lights, and still sending out a confused murmur—the silvery moon was shedding her richest rays on the smooth river, and thus turning it into a stream of liquid silver;—and who will accuse me of weakness for kneeling upon the soft grass before I left this delightful spot?

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow—
Even in its very motion there was rest;

While every breath of eve that chanced to blow Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west. Emblem, methought, of the departed soul, To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is giver. And by the breath of mercy made to roll Right onward to the golden gates of heaven; Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies, And tells to man his glorious destinies."





To an Infant.

HY bark, now launched with sails unfurled,
Must oft by waves be tossed in danger;
Yet welcome to this stormy world,
Thou helpless stranger.

Thy morning dawns all cloudless—fair;
Thou restest on a waveless ocean;
And thou canst look on grief and care
Without emotion.

And many friends are watching near,
Of all its pangs thy heart beguiling;
Not all the world can make thee fear,
For all is smiling.

But do not let thy bosom dream

That thou canst live thus free from trouble;

For thou must sail on sorrow's stream,

Thyself a bubble.

The cloudless heavens soon may lower,
And driving storms thy vessel sever:
Thy sun a few faint beams may pour,
Then set for ever.

Or shouldst thou live a few short years,
Tossed by storms of passion's shaping,
Thine eyes must oft be wet with tears,—
There's no escaping.

Thy friends must leave thee one by one,
The grave around them darkly closing:
Thou must not hope such ills to shun,—
Here's no reposing.

Oh, may some angel guard thy way
While o'er this troubled ocean driven,
And waft thee to the realms of day—
The shores of heaven.





## The Pastor's Huneral.

HERE are many interesting reflections attending the burial of a useful man. Thoughtless as men are on the subject of death, when they come to stand around the lifeless clay of a beloved friend or acquaintance, they then feel it to be a solemn event. And perhaps they then resolve that they will now prepare for that solemn moment; while too often the sods which cover the friend bury also their resolutions. It is at any time interesting to follow a good man to his grave, but especially a good minister. I can well remember the impression such an occasion made upon my mind.

It was at the funeral of an aged country minister, who for half a century had been found faithful at his post, with his loins girded and his lamp ever trimmed. Since his settlement, a new generation had become matured; and among the mourning assembly there were but few gray heads who had ever sat under his instructions. Hence his people looked up to him, not only as to a shepherd to lead them to the fold of his Master, but also with the affection of children. For more than fifty years had he broken to his people the bread of life; and though they knew that by reason of age he must ere long fall asleep, yet I know not, when the event happened, that they shed one tear the less for its having been expected. I silently followed the mourning procession, as they conveyed the . remains of their beloved minister to the grave. It afforded a melancholy pleasure to see a goodly number of neighbouring ministers paying their last respects to their departed brother—a weeping church and a mourning congregation, all evincing, by expressive silence, how much they Here, too, were seen a numerous class of poor, who for a long time had looked up to their pastor for temporal as well as spiritual food, expressing their grief in audible sobbings.

But amidst this sorrowing train, my attention was peculiarly attracted by the appearance of the younger part of the congregation. These were about one hundred children, who comprised the Sabbath school of the village. This number was about equally divided between the two sexes. They walked in front of the procession, the girls

on the right and the boys on the left, each wearing some humble though sincere badge of mourning. By the time they had arrived at the graveyard, they had revived in their minds all the condescensions and kindnesses of their beloved pastor, which, perhaps, no other occasion could have recalled to remembrance, and their little bosoms were filled with sorrow at the sight of the grave. They opened to the right and left; and as the venerable corpse passed between them, they showed their feelings in all the simplicity of children. The boys took their hats from their heads, and would now and then be seen wiping a tear with the corner of their jackets; while every little girl covered her face with her little white handkerchief, and sobbed as if losing her last earthly friend.

They were standing around the grave, and as the speaker addressed the audience, on this solemn occasion, all were as silent as a forest when not a breath of wind breaks its stillness; but when the minister addressed the children particularly, their sorrows found vent through their almost bursting hearts. Nor did I wonder. They were lambs, and their shepherd was no more. They could not recall to mind the time when their parents first took them by the hand and led them up to the house of God. They could not remember when their minister had often prayed for them,

while they were yet infants. But they could remember the time when he first collected and arranged them systematically into a Sabbath school. Since the first institution of their school, they had assembled regularly every Sabbath, and every Sabbath, too, had their faces been brightened by meeting their good pastor; and their hearts were bound to his by a thousand little ties, unknown to many ministers. They were, as



THE PASTOR'S FUNERAL

usual, arranged in classes under proper instructors. Every Sabbath they recited to their teachers their portions of Scripture, of hymns, and of catechism. After the recitations were over, the good pastor would go round to each class in company with its teacher, and examine by the class-paper the recitations and conduct of each individual. He needed not to distribute tickets to excite emulation, for every scholar thought himself amply

rewarded for a week's hard study, if, on the Sabbath, he could receive a smile of approbation from his minister; and peradventure he would also sometimes lay his aged hand on his flaxen hair, and commend him for diligence and good The scholar who had failed to recite. behaviour. or whose behaviour was improper, received but a slight rebuke from the good old man, together with a look of pity and sorrow, which seldom failed to bring tears—a punishment sufficiently severe. After passing through the school in this manner, the minister would say a few words as to the general conduct and appearance of the school. He would then read a suitable hymn, which was sung by those parents who were present, together with the children. And often would the good man weep for joy, when he sat and heard their little voices causing the church to reverberate with untuned notes of infant praise; and he would then lift up his tremulous voice in prayer for the lambs before him, while they knelt and mingled their aspirations with those of threescore and ten.

Once in every three months this Sabbath school was examined, and this day was always longed for by the scholars before it arrived, for it was to them a holiday. They then assembled with their teachers, and, in the presence of their parents and the whole congregation, were examined in the

studies of the preceding quarter. Their names were then individually called over, and as each arose to answer, his recitations were mentioned over, and his general conduct commended or blamed, as need be, before the whole assembly. The good clergyman then preached a sermon, usually known by the name of "the children's sermon," as it was always adapted to their situations and understandings. These quarterly meetings were usually highly gratifying to both parents and children, and not a little to the teachers; and they were always closed with singing, by the children, that beautiful little hymn, beginning

"Once did the blessed Saviour say, Let little children come."

Thus, in brief, was conducted the best Sabbath school I ever knew. And of these scenes were the children thinking when the earth was thrown into the grave upon their pastor, and their feelings were too big to be repressed.



